



# The Grail

AUGUST, 1932

*Daphne Layne*

ALICE E. SINCLAIR

*Up Mount Popocatepetl*

GEORGE F. PAUL

*Schoolmaster Riney*

THOMAS J. MALONE

*Congress Week in Ireland*

NANCY BUCKLEY

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# The Grail

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*Father Abbot Athanasius*  
*In Memoriam*

*Hilary DeJean, O. S. B.*

Strong in God he moved among us,  
Strong in God he lived and died.  
Now, among the strong uplifted,  
Rests he with the sanctified.

His was strength of soul engendering  
Gentleness and peace alway.  
In serene and happy order  
Lived we 'neath his gentle sway.

Father first and master second!  
Thus his children tribute give.  
Memories crowd our hearts now grieving—  
Memories that will ever live.

Now he dwells in heavenly mansions,  
Resting aye from toil and pain;  
May he still be mindful of us  
And our father e'er remain.



### *Where Religion Flourishes*

In the July number of *THE GRAIL* there appeared under the caption, "Vocations Flourish Where Religion Thrives," a few lines commenting on the numerous vocations to the priesthood and the religious state that occur in parishes where religion thrives. Several instances were adduced. We have since received several marked copies of the "Monthly Messenger," published by the Redemptorist Fathers of Our Lady of Perpetual Help Parish in Brooklyn, which contains further proof of our contention. A young man of the parish just mentioned was ordained for the Brooklyn diocese in May. But, surely, the crowning event of the year was the ordination on June 19 of this year of *eight* young Redemptorist priests, who all belong to the same parish. That parish is singularly blessed. Moreover, seven young men of this flourishing parish entered the Redemptorist novitiate on June 21. God surely has a tender spot in His Sacred Heart for the parish in which so many hear His gentle invitation: "Come, follow me!"

### *The Rt. Rev. Athanasius Schmitt, O. S. B.*

In the current issue of *THE GRAIL* it is our painful duty to chronicle the death of two faithful priests of our community, whose passing was only four days apart. The one had been a pastor of souls for a little over thirty-three years, while the other had been the spiritual father of St. Meinrad's Abbey for a slightly longer period.

In the forenoon of July 11 we laid to rest in God's acre, where repose the Abbey dead, all that was mortal of Father Clement Klingel. At 10:45 the following forenoon Abbot Athanasius breathed his last. Uremia was given as the immediate cause of death.

Though he was up and about in his room every day, the deceased had been unable for several months to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. However, at an early hour each morning he arose and devoutly received Holy Communion. On the morning of July 11 he tried to rise as usual to prepare for Holy Communion. He was found shortly thereafter in a comatose

condition, from which he did not rally again. Father Abbot Ignatius, who was called from choir about 4:30, administered extreme unction. Paralysis began to set in on the right side, and gradually it affected the rest of the body. Every attention possible was given the stricken prelate until the struggle was over. A great part of the community was present when the end came. Immediately, according to custom and statutes, the Vespers of the Dead were recited in the death chamber.

After the body had been embalmed and laid out in pontificals in the chapter room, constant vigil was kept day and night by two members of the community, who took turns watching and praying an hour at a time. On Thursday morning the corpse was removed to the Abbey Church where the vigil was continued until 9 o'clock on Friday morning when the Office of the Dead was chanted in choir. At 9:45 Pontifical Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Abbot Columban Thuis, O. S. B., of St. Joseph's Abbey in Louisiana. Present in the sanctuary during the Mass was Most Rev. Bishop Floersch of Louisville. In choir were three Abbots: the Rt. Rev. Philip Ruggle, O. S. B., of Conception, Mo., the Rt. Rev. Martin Veth, O. S. B., of Atchison, Kansas, the Rt. Rev. Ignatius Esser, O. S. B., now Abbot of St. Meinrad.

When the Mass was over, Most Rev. Bishop Chartrand, of Indianapolis, preached an eloquent sermon. Then took place the customary five absolutions which were pronounced by Abbots Philip, Martin, Ignatius, Columban, and Bishop Chartrand. The burial services in the cemetery were conducted by Abbot Ignatius. About 100 priests attended the funeral.

Abbot Athanasius was born at Oberweissenbrunn in Bavaria on Dec. 20, 1860. The greater part of his studies he completed in Europe before he came to St. Meinrad. In the year '83-'84 he finished his course in philosophy. On the feast of St. Meinrad, Jan. 21, 1885, he was professed as a Benedictine; and, finally, on June 24, 1886, he was elevated to the priesthood. The year thereafter he taught third Latin in the College; then followed his activities on the missions in southern Kentucky; the year '88-'89 we find him teaching fourth Latin.

(Continued on page 182)

## Daphne Layne

ALICE E. SINCLAIR

OUT in Hollywood, a popular little movie star, tired of things as they were, decided that she no longer loved her handsome young husband. True, Pat Mackaye wrote clever short stories; he played golf exceedingly well; he was much beloved by their little daughter, and, last but not least, Pat had a most amiable disposition. But Daphne Layne, who had been baptized Ellen Collins, must have a divorce. Romance had flown out the window she had declared. She would devote her time entirely to her career.

A little trouble on the part of a high-priced lawyer, and she got what she wanted. The papers were filed on the grounds of incompatibility. Her husband let her have her way, and departed without saying, "Good-bye," but no one except Daphne knew that he had been so neglectful.

Of her baby daughter Daphne Layne made no legal disposal, but she sent the four-year-old Sheila on east to her mother where she knew the child would receive good care. Two trunks of expensive clothing and costly toys went with the little girl. A maid was in charge of both. The baby cried when she left her beautiful mother, but mother was firm. Daphne kissed Sheila in farewell, and promised to visit her soon. Cameras made records of the scene.

Newspapers reported that Pat Mackaye, Daphne's big, good-natured husband had taken the affair bravely, head up. He left Hollywood on the spot and was doing nicely helping edit a paper in New Orleans. For reporters, he would say nothing.

Several weeks later, an elfin like child with golden curls and wide blue eyes played fitfully on a spotless kitchen floor. Many beautiful toys were scattered about her, but dissatisfaction was written all over her tiny face. Now and then she talked to the sweet-faced, white-haired woman who was working at the table.

"Grandmother, where's my Mama and my Daddy?" she demanded for the hundredth time

that day, and this day was like all the days that had come before it.

Mary Collins tried to smile, but the muscles of her lined face seemed to ache with the effort of smiling the forced bright smile, as she turned to the child.

"Aren't you happy with me, Sheila dear? Your mother's gone on a long trip. Perhaps she'll come back to see you some day when she's well again."

"But I'll never let her have you," Mary told herself with a grim determination. "The heartless, brazen thing she is. Married again! If I could only..."

"But, Daddy," the pleading little voice went on, "my darling, happy Daddy, can't he come, Grandmother? I want to hear him laugh," the eager voice broke in a sob, and Sheila ran to hide her flushed little face in grandmother's skirts.

Mrs. Collins dropped her work, and gathered the sobbing little form up in her arms.

"There, there, little one. You'll see daddy soon. He's coming next Sunday. Grandmother, wrote to him. Daddy's working hard on a big paper in the city, Sheila."

"Doesn't my Mother love my Daddy anymore, Grandmother?" The wide blue eyes burned the question into grandmother's faded ones.

"Please don't think about it, Sheila. Grandmother can't answer that, but she does know your Daddy loves you very much,—so much, he's going to take us down to New Orleans to live with him."

A few more anxious questions and reassuring answers, and a tired, homesick little girl was asleep.

And about this time, many miles away, a restless, spoiled beautiful young movie queen was telling the world that love, her love for Edmund Gordon, was the only thing in life that mattered. Her new husband (If he was somewhat shopworn—he had had two wives—it didn't seem to matter), Daphne Layne an-



nounced, was the ideal man for whom she had been looking, and their love meant everything to her.

"I'm supremely happy. Ours is a great love," she added in footnotes as they left New York on their wedding tour of Europe.

"Sheila's father, my former husband?" she answered reporters. "Yes, Pat Mackaye, bless his heart, is a fine man. He was a splendid husband and a wonderful father, but romance," she gestured with her soft white hands. "Well, you know it just wasn't there anymore. Pat and I are still good friends, and I admire Mr. Mackaye heaps."

There was more, but Mary Collins couldn't read any further. She tore the paper into shreds.

"My daughter say all that! The brazen little hussy. Little did you dream, Mary Collins, a child of yours could bring you such sorrow and shame."

Hot tears rolled down the furrowed cheeks, but they were hastily brushed away for Mary Collins was not a crying woman. She fingered her beads as she watched the sleeping Sheila.

Pat Mackaye, too, read the press accounts of Daphne Layne's and Edmund Gordon's glamorous romance and laughed bitterly. "Romance? Hell! Hooey and Rot!" he exclaimed. "Still admires me, eh. God, what a woman! And I used to think she had a lovely soul. Beautiful and dumb, huh, Jack?" Pat spoke to a fellow worker. "But this'll be damn tough on the kid. Thinks her mother's marvelous."

"Consider yourself fortunate, Pat. Daphne's all wet. This movie fame has gone to her head. You have the kid, haven't you?" Jack Davis dismissed Daphne with a shrug and smiled.

"Yes, she's with Daphne's mother. Bringing them down here next week to live. I've got a lot to make up to that youngster," and there was a double ache in Pat Mackaye's heart these days.

Never was a child showered with more love than was Sheila Mackaye by the two persons who tried to fill a recreant mother's place, but the fight was too much for Mary who died heart-broken over Daphne's conduct when Sheila was twelve years old.

Daphne's photograph hung in Sheila's room, and her daughter knew her as a beautiful, love-

ly person, who had died long ago, and who, for some mysterious reason, must never be mentioned. Being an obedient child, Sheila never questioned her father's wishes, and she grew up in admiration of the lovely pictured face.

In the meantime, the popular little movie star had come home from her honeymoon in Europe and Asia; had made two or three more pictures, and then was mentioned no more by the press. Pat had lost all track of her. He had never gone to see her pictures. Sheila might learn who her mother was.

Daphne had never made any move through the years to see Sheila. Perhaps, she had lacked the nerve. Maybe it was shame, or, again, she may not have been interested.

Whatever it was, Pat was thankful that he could protect Sheila from her mother's past. But everytime he looked at his daughter, who was the living image of Daphne, his heart told him that in spite of all the wrongs he had suffered he could not forget the girl's mother. Maybe, he could, even forgive the past if given the chance.

And then one day, it was Sheila's sixteenth birthday, the chance he had sometimes dreamed of came, and there was more bitterness left in his heart than he had realized there was.

A telegram was laid on his desk. He opened it with hands that shook. It was from a tubercular hospital in Arizona.

"God, has Daphne come to that!" he whispered as he spread it out before him.

"Dear Pat

If you can find it possible to forgive and forget. Come. Bring Sheila with you. Am dying. Daphne."

"God, help me, I can't go. I can't tell Sheila all this." He buried his head in his arms and tried to think. "Sheila thinks her mother's dead, but one can't refuse a dying person," he argued with himself.

He remembered Daphne's refusal to follow duty and swore under his breath. The next moment he felt pity for her and love was mixed with the pity.

Pat went home to a sleepless night of torture. Smoldering hate still burned in his heart. His old love for Daphne came to life to fight with his newer love for Sheila and her happiness.

Sheila, who was innocent and happy without the mother who had deserted her.

He rose early the next morning and went to Mass. He hoped to find some help there. Mackaye prayed this morning as he had never prayed before, and his eyes sought the face of his Savior as He hung dying on the cross.

And here, he found his answer. "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." The words came clearly and distinctly to Pat's listening ears.

Three days later father and daughter were standing by the bedside of a young old woman with golden hair that still shone with its old time luster as it fell about her pillow.

The nurse had said, "You'll find her very weak. I'll be back in thirty minutes for you."

Wide blue eyes that were much too bright gazed out at them from a face that bore the marks of having once been lovely, but now it was tired and wasted.

"Daphne," the man reached for her frail hand and held it in both of his, but Sheila only stood and stared. Her eyes were bitter, hostile.

"And she left—this awful woman left my father and made him unhappy. Oh, how I hate her!" Sheila was thinking as she stood watching her father's white drawn face. She knew all of the story now.

"Pat," the weak voice was shamed. "I'm down and out. Sunk. I had to see you before I went. You'll think I'm shameless. Guess I have been. One lives a lifetime to learn what one really wants, I guess. And I learned too late. Forgive—" A harsh dry cough choked her off.

"Gordon didn't—" She went into another paroxysm of coughing and Pat knew that Daphne was right, the end was near.

His mouth was dry and his throat ached, but he managed to ask. "And Gordon, where is he?" He had to know.

Daphne laughed scornfully. "Him! Somewhere east. Haven't seen him in six years. When I became ill, he left. Fool that I was! I didn't know a real man," she ended in another cough.

But in a moment she smiled, and the atmosphere was less tense.

"And this is our daughter, Pat? Of course, she can't admire me, but she's—she's lovely,

Pat." The blue eyes filled with tears, and Sheila's cold little heart melted with an overwhelming pity for the dying woman.

"My Mother, I've waited years for you," Sheila cried, and fell to her knees by the bed.

Daphne dared to touch the golden head. "Thank God for that. You've been a wonderful father to her, Pat, I know. Can you find it in your heart to forgive me, her mother. It's a big thing to ask, Pat."

"Ages ago, Daphne," the man's voice was tender. And in answer to the questioning eyes, "You see I loved you, dear."

A luminous smile transfigured Daphne's face. She tried to speak, but the words never came. The angel of death had visited Daphne Layne.

Two figures knelt by the bed hand gripped in hand, lips moving in prayer.

A man entered the room, a Catholic priest, the one who had administered the Sacraments to Daphne just two hours before. But he saw that he wasn't needed for Daphne now. Daphne Layne had gone to meet her God, and there was a crucifix in her hand.

---

Our prayers are more powerful when we pray with the blessing of our Eucharistic Lord upon us.

---

Let us withdraw our thoughts from the world about us when we approach the Holy Table.

### *The Plea of the Tree*

EDWARD J. LAVELL

Ye who pass by, and would raise your hand against me,  
Hearken ere you harm me!

I am the heat of your hearth on the cold winter nights,  
The friendly shade screening you from the summer sun.

My fruits are refreshing draughts,  
Quenching your thirst as you journey on.

I am the beam that holds your house,

The board of your table,

The bed on which you lie,

And the timber that builds your boat.

I am the handle of your hoe,

The door of your homestead,

The wood of your cradle,

And the shell of your coffin.

I am the bread of kindness, and the flower of beauty.

Ye who pass by, listen to my prayer! Harm me not!

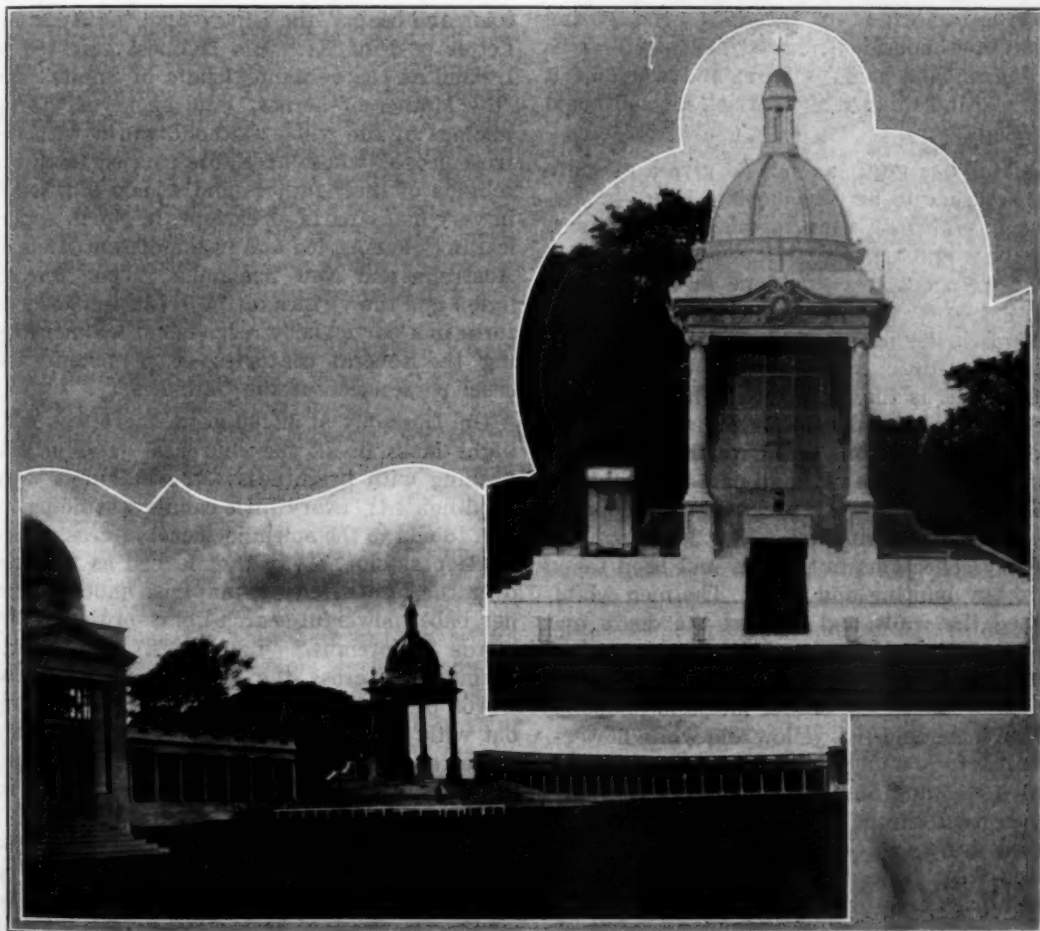
## Congress Week in Ireland

NANCY BUCKLEY

THE great heart of Innisfail was big enough to take in the whole world during the glorious week of the Eucharistic Congress; her sweet voice rang out with a sincere "Cead Mile Failte," and the clear echoes of that welcoming were heard by her own children as well as by all the visitors in her capital city. That the faith of her fathers is still the great motive power in the lives of her people, that it is to-

day, as it has ever been, a real, living thing, a vital force; that her fidelity and loyalty to the Holy See and her devotion to the Blessed Sacrament are as strong as of old: all these truths were more and more in evidence as hour by hour the great pageant of the Congress moved on its sacred way.

I reached Dublin on June 15th and so I had a fine chance to look about before the city capit-



ALTAR ON WHICH THE HOLY SACRIFICE WAS OFFERED IN PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN, FOR THE ENORMOUS CROWDS THAT ATTENDED THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

ulated to her vast and friendly army of visitors. The fine streets clustering about O'Connell Bridge were beautifully decorated with streamers. The Congress emblems of dark blue made a perfect background for the bright Papal and Irish Free State flags. And often my heart rejoiced to see the red, white and blue—the star-spangled banner of my own America proudly waving in the goodly company. Baskets of flowers were hanging everywhere. Under the bright sun I often had the impression that I was walking through some Italian street decked for a fiesta. Electric bulbs outlined the big buildings. In every window candles awaited the signal to add their cheery glow to the blaze of lights. It was a marvellous sight and I quite agreed with the Irish lady, who, gazing about in wonderment, raised her tearful eyes to Heaven and said: "Sure, and wouldn't it be the grand thing if St. Patrick himself could see it all!"

Dublin was getting ready to give a magnificent welcome to her Eucharistic King—a welcome in which all were to take part, the rich and the mighty, the poor and the lowly. The latter were not to be outdone in their generosity. I loved to walk about the poor streets and watch the people making a rainbow of color out of drab greyness. The history of one little street, is the history of a hundred little streets. On sunny afternoons the women would give glory to God for the fine weather, the while they showed me the new and pathetic beauty of their small homes. All the work was done by the dwellers themselves. As long ago as January collections in pennies had been taken up to buy bunting and flags. The men white-washed the walls and painted the doors and woodwork and set up the shrines to the Sacred Heart and to the Blessed Mother. Then the women arranged the bits of lace and flouncing around them, and red, yellow and white flowers. Pictures were hung in the spotless windows. Such a cleaning and a scrubbing as the little houses went through! And how the children begged to help in the exciting work! A little colleen with dark skin and hair, and heavily-lashed black eyes—she would fit in perfectly in some Spanish setting—tugged at her mother's skirts until she was lifted up to place her two paper roses in the Papal colors over the doors!

How happy they were—these poor of Dublin! How they rejoiced in making a welcome for their King! Constantly they gave glory to God that they were spared to see the Congress. "Sure, and if it's my last leg, I'll march in the procession," emphasized an old woman whose life has gone along the hard ways of sorrow and poverty. The glorious generosity of the poor was one of the most touching realities of the Congress; their tense joyful preparation must have been very pleasing to Him whose delight it ever was to gather the simple and the forsaken to His Heart.

The day after the first great welcome to the Cardinal Legate, the Congress formally opened at the Pro-cathedral. In a scene of remarkable color and beauty, the Envoy read the Apostolic Letter of Pius XI. His Holiness referred to Ireland as the verdant "Island of Saints" and "the Mother of heroes," and spoke of the rejoicings of the whole Catholic world with the Irish people, whose ancestors carried forth the religion of their fathers and widely diffused it in very many parts of Europe, in North America, in South Africa and in the distant lands of Australia and New Zealand. . . ." and the religion and the virtues of the Irish people shone forth in a particularly resplendent manner during the several centuries of persistent and cruel persecution of the Catholics. . . ."

On Thursday at 12:30 a. m. there was midnight Mass in all the churches. Dublin was flashing with brightness; the buildings were flood-lighted; every little candle was doing its best to add to the splendid scene. Across a sky of deepest blue, a sky that leaned as tenderly over the lighted city as an Irish mother over her babe, powerful search-lights projected the words "Adoremus," "Laudamus," and "Glorificamus." Across the heavens floated these words of praise; in every church they rang out with stirring fervor; in every heart they pulsed and throbbed until joy became half-pain, so intense it was, so deep, so tender and so strong.

It was difficult—impossible rather, to get inside the churches for the midnight Mass. The sacred edifices were totally inadequate for the crowds, so in many places altars were erected in the open and there Mass was celebrated. The numbers receiving Holy Communion easily



established a record. The reverence of the kneeling multitudes outside the Churches were remarkable. The searchlights swept over the bowed heads and folded hands and etched them with an indelible silver pencil.

The night grew warm and still. I thought of Rome, of Florence, of Naples, where scenes such as these were not strange. It was so fitting that Ireland, when she called the world, above all her own exiled children to the greatest home-coming in her history, should set the trysting place around a Mass altar. "For," as a distinguished author so beautifully writes, "ever since that day of days when St. Patrick carried his altar stone into Dichu's barn, and his Mass bell resounded melodiously above the blue waters of Loch Cuan, the history of Ireland, in all its true and vital significance, has centered around the Mass and the Blessed Sacrament. The spoilers could take our Cathedrals from us and banish the Mass from them, but they could not take it from the Irish people. They fled with the Mass to the mountains and desert places..." "When on some desolate mountain side, or some hollow among the rocks, the Irish priest, with the price of a wolf on his head, raised the white Body of the Lord for the adoration of the faithful Irish people, and with a cry of rapturous joy, no sorrow they had ever known was bitter enough to still, they give Him their hundred thousand welcomes."

Truly written and no more eminently felicitous setting could the whole world provide for the Eucharistic Congress than Ireland. Processions in honor of the Blessed Sacrament are part of the color and the fragrance of Irish life, and how steadfastly the Irish people have held to this glorious Faith of their fathers, to this priceless heritage, the whole world had an opportunity of seeing during Congress week. I remember reading a very beautiful blessing that St. Patrick conferred on the Irish people: "Like the sands of sea under ships, be the number of their hearths." Like the sands under ships, the Irish people have multiplied and have gone forth exiles and made the whole world hostage. Ireland has ever witnessed, with a tear in her eye, yet with a great joy in her heart, her exodus of scholars and missionaries to the four corners of the globe. With a great joy for her scholars, her missionaries carry



CARDINAL LAURI, PAPAL LEGATE

with them the tidings of that faith that Patrick brought to them from Rome. No wonder that St. Patrick's Day is honored in almost every land, for the exiles of Erin, like the sands under ships, have increased and have left their impress upon the traditions of many nations.

There are many, many other things I would like to tell you, but in this brief article I can only mention them: the great mass meetings of men and women, the Children's Mass when the youth of Ireland marched to the altar steps, and their own choir of 3000 sang the exquisite *Missa de Angelis*, the garden party at Blackrock College, the wonderful meetings of the various sections—it was a week's feast for the mind and for the soul. It was good, nay, it was great and glorious to have been in Dublin during Congress week.

## *Schoolmaster Riney*

### *Abraham Lincoln's First Teacher a Catholic*

THOMAS J. MALONE

IN Hardin County, Kentucky, not fifty miles from Louisville, is the village of Rineyville, of population less than 200, bearing the family name of the man who was Abraham Lincoln's first teacher. Mr. Lincoln, on his own testimony, went to school in his whole life a total short of a full year. This schooling, beginning when he was perhaps five years old, was scattered through a decade or more, a few weeks at a time, in one-room log structures under five teachers in two states. It should be matter of pleasing interest to Catholics, children as well as adults, that the first of those teachers, the first person outside his home under whose authority and instruction the boy Lincoln came, was a Catholic.

Among recorded data, meager enough, about Zachariah Riney are that he was a man of some property, a land owner; that he was not a rover; that he was forty-five years old at the least—and possibly sixty—and married, when he taught the young Abraham; that he died in 1859 at the Abbey of Our Lady of Gethsemani, in Nelson County, Kentucky, where for several years he had been a "familiar brother," a resident, though not a member of the Trappist community there. Yet one brief experience in his long life, which a tradition says totaled 105 years, assured him for all time a unique distinction among his countrymen.

It will be recalled that Lincoln mentioned Riney in the third-person statement which he wrote about himself for J. L. Scripps, for use in the campaign of 1860: "Before leaving Kentucky, he and his sister were sent, for short periods, to A B C schools, the first kept by Zachariah Riney, and the second by Caleb Hazel." According to Beveridge, Abraham went longer to Riney than to Hazel.

The statement of 1860 continues: "At this time his father resided on Knob Creek on the road from Bardstown, Kentucky, to Nashville,

Tennessee." This bears on Riney's presence on Knob Creek, for there were many Catholics in the region, while Bardstown, less than twenty miles from the Lincoln home, was the center of a prosperous Catholic settlement.

Not much is known about Riney as a teacher beyond that he kept an "A B C school." It was a "blab" school, all the pupils studying aloud as evidence of industry, and a subscription rather than a free school, parents paying a small fee for each child. The alphabet, reading, spelling, writing and "ciphering" doubtless engaged the most attention, but there seems basis for a belief that Riney was a man of some attainments, who taught both manners and morals.

Of his schooling in Indiana, whither the family moved in 1816, Lincoln stated in that 1860 autobiography: "While here, Abraham went to A B C schools by littles, kept successively by Andrew Crawford, Sweeney, and Azel W. Dorsey." Of those Indiana schools, Lincoln wrote in his sketch prepared for Jesse W. Fell in 1859:

"There were some schools, so called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond 'readin, writin, and cipherin' to the Rule of Three. If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education."

One observes that this characterization was not applied to the Kentucky schools he attended, whether because he was too young when attending them to appraise their quality later or because he placed them in a higher class than the Indiana schools. There may be field here for conjecture, if not opinion.

Riney's school was about two miles from the Lincoln home. Little Abe and his sister attended in summer. Biographers have not failed to

mention that the boy up to that time had been dressed informally in his public appearances, wearing, like other boys of his age, only a one-piece garment—long—known as a tow shirt. There is contemporary testimony that in beginning school he achieved his first pair of breeches.

Much that is known about Riney is due to the researches of Dr. Louis A. Warren. Riney owned and lived on a farm in the Lincoln neighborhood which had once belonged to Joseph Hanks, Sr., possibly a direct ancestor of Abraham. Records of a court action to establish title to this land indicate that Riney was living on it in the period 1811–1819 and married—to a wife of first name Margaret—, so that he was by no means one of the “vagrant literati,” term which Nicolay and Hay applied to Lincoln’s teachers in Indiana. Riney went to Knob Creek from Washington County, Kentucky, where he is said to have known both Thomas Lincoln, Abraham’s father, and Mordecai Lincoln, Thomas’s brother—the Mordecai who was married to Mary Mudd in 1792 by a Catholic priest, Father William de Rohan. As Riney continued to live in the neighborhood after the year in which he was Abraham’s teacher, 1814 probably, his name must have been spoken often in the Lincoln home for some time after the teaching contact, the parents’ attitude toward him, whatever it was, affecting the boy.

Another fact about Riney has possibilities. His father, Thomas Riney, had owned slaves and the father’s will had enjoined that the slaves should not be sold out of the family. Zachariah was the oldest of five children, the others being, Basil, Anna, Mary, and Henrietta. It seems that his youngest sister, Henrietta, and her husband took possession of the slaves after the father’s death and refused to let go. Zachariah and other heirs brought suit to compel an apportionment among all the children. This was in Washington County, eighteen years or so before Riney was Lincoln’s teacher. The possible inference from the imbroglio is not only, as suggested by Dr. Warren, who discovered the records of the suit, that Zachariah Riney was not antislavery, but also that the father had held a humane attitude toward his slaves and felt an obligation not to let them

fall into the hands of strangers, and that the son shared his sentiments—a point of view that would have been known to the Lincoln family.

A tradition which failed to stand up against documentary evidence had it that Schoolmaster Riney was, sometime or other, a Trappist monk. Various writers on Lincoln have gone to no small pains in an effort to prove that he could have had no connection with that colony of Cistercians which, coming from France, located in 1805 about four miles from what was later to be the site of the Lincoln’s Knob Creek home. The Trappists abandoned their settlement, moving to Louisiana, in 1809, the year Abraham Lincoln was born. Other members of the order came to the Kentucky region in 1848 and settled permanently, establishing the Abbey of Our Lady of Gethsemani, not far from the site of the first venture. The Reverend Paul L. Blakely, S. J., pointed out recently (in “America”) that it was with this second establishment of Trappists, and in the last years of Riney’s long life, not in the middle of it, that he had some sort of association.

Riney, according to Father Blakely, had gone to live at the monastery in 1856 and had died there February 15, 1859. This he had learned through the simple expedient of writing to the Prior of the Abbey and asking for such information as its records might disclose about Riney. The Prior replied that Riney had resided at the monastery as a “familiar brother,” something akin to “an inmate of an old man’s home,” and had not been a member of the community. It was believed, he added, that Riney was buried in the Abbey cemetery, and records had it that he was reputed to be 105 years old at his death.

The year given for his death conflicts with that statement of J. J. Nall, to which writers have been fond of referring, that Riney was living, still in Hardin County, when Lincoln was first nominated for the presidency.

If Riney died in 1858, the statement seems lacking in credibility.

Did Riney spare the rod at the risk of spoiling the children sent to his school? Two very thin testimonies may bear on this.

Samuel Haycraft, a contemporary of Caleb Hazel who was the second teacher of Lincoln, said of Hazel many years later: “He perhaps



could teach spelling and reading and indifferent writing, and possibly could cipher to the rule of three, but he had no other qualifications of a teacher unless we accept large size and bodily strength. Abe was a mere spindle of a boy, had his due proportion of harmless mischief, but as we lived in a country abounding in hazel switches, in the virtue of which the master had great faith, Abe of course received his due allowance."

While absence of such assertion does not justify inference, still Austin Gollaher, a schoolmate of Abraham's under Riney, in published recollections in his old age made no reflection on Riney's teaching methods, certainly no reference to a use, or overuse, of switches.

Of Lincoln's biographers, Curtis has this kindly note in regard to Riney: "... of whom he (Lincoln) retained a pleasant memory, for it was there that he learned to read." It is unlikely that Abraham learned to read under Riney, but one may hope that Curtis had other ground for the "pleasant memory" observation.

However that may be, it is certain that Lincoln's recollections of his schooling were lacking in enthusiasm. "Of course," he wrote in 1859, "when I came of age I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write, and cipher to the rule of three; but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education, I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity." And the next year, in the third-person statement:

"He was never in a college or academy as a student, and never inside a college or academy building till since he had a law license. What he has in the way of education he has picked up. After he was twenty-three and had separated from his father, he studied English Grammar—imperfectly, of course, but so as to speak and write as well as he now does." That from the man who the same year delivered the Cooper Institute speech, who within the next five years was to contribute to immortal literature the two Inaugurals, the Bixby letter and the Gettysburg Address. And he went on: "He studied and nearly mastered the six books of Euclid since he was a member of Congress. He regrets his want of education, and does what he can to supply the want."

There may be interest in how the name of Riney came to be given to that Hardin County, Kentucky, village. C. L. Wiseman, a resident of Rineyville, a sister and an aunt of whom married descendants of Zachariah Riney, has written this explanation to the author of this article:

"Mr. Sylvester Riney, a son of Zachary Riney, came to this vicinity about the year 1842 and settled. An old deed of his shows that he bought a tract of land in 1842 and lived on it until his death. Rineyville site is a part of this land, and when the railroad was built through here, which was in 1874, a stopping point was made here by the railroad company, and they called it Rineyville, after Sylvester Riney. So, you can see, it was named after (or in honor of) Zachary Riney's son.

"Zachary Riney made his home here with his son, Sylvester, for several years the latter part of his life, at which time he was a widower. His grandson, a son of Sylvester Riney, married my sister and they reared a large family. One of the sons is a merchant here now; the rest of the sons and daughters are all living in Louisville, Kentucky.

"Zachary Riney had also another son, John B. Riney, who came to this vicinity and settled about one mile from this place. This son married my father's sister. So you see I am in a position to know them pretty well."

There was a daughter of Zachariah Riney, Susan by name, Father Blakely was told, and he mentioned a record of another son, Thomas.

Was Zachariah twice married? Dr. Warren refers to a court record that Zachariah Riney married Sarah Bowles, February 12, 1824, but is uncertain as to whether there was only one Zachariah living in the neighborhood at the time.

No claim is made in this paper of any specific influence of Master Riney upon his most famous pupil. Yet in this day when psychologists lay so much stress on the high import and abiding effect of early impressions, even though they are not recalled by the subject, it is fair to infer that the Riney contact left something positive and enduring. And, though the influence of an obscure character exerted in a few weeks of a little boy's life may seem too thinly

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## Correct Interpretation

PAUL J. MCCANN

PERHAPS the rarest thing in existence is helpful and comprehensive interpretation. All through history, men have sought for critics who would appreciate their work to its fullest extent. Few constructive critics have been discovered. It has been said truthfully that an artist—any kind of artist—must first have inspiration (the prologue) and then an audience (the epilogue). Both the prologue and the epilogue must be of the best quality if the artist is to give his best effort.

Let us consider, as an example, the life of François Millet, that gifted French artist whose name all the world reveres. Millet, living, as he did, so close to the peasants and hard-working country folk of France, could not but be impressed by the sublime courage which kept them laboring day after day, night after night, when they knew only too well that they would realize no calm, no pleasure, in this world. At evening, when the welcome sound of the cathedral bells pealing forth the Angelus reached their ears, they bowed their heads in prayer. From earliest childhood, Millet had been captivated by this scene. Finally, in 1859, he finished his painting of "The Angelus." His supreme desire in perfecting this picture was to make those who looked upon it hear the bells. He repeated to himself time and again, "Truth of expression will do it." The painting itself shows two peasants, a man and a woman, standing bareheaded, at the close of day, reciting the words, "Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariae." Millet took the picture to a great critic. There was no title written at the bottom of the canvas. Millet wished the critic to interpret for himself. For a while the critic merely gazed at the painting. Suddenly, he raised his head and murmured, "There's music—peaceful music—such as would be made by church bells..." The critic stopped short in his speech, scrutinized the painting once more, understood for the first time the meaning of the church far in the background, and then whispered, his voice quiv-

ering with awe, "I know now... I have been living in Paris all my life and have visited the country but rarely... but I know the bells I seem to hear. This is the Angelus. It's beautiful, François, it's a masterpiece!" And Millet was convinced that his painting was a success.

At another time, Millet painted a picture of three country women returning home from their labor in the golden autumn fields. Each woman carried a bundle of newly-cut grain. The title of the picture was "The Harvesters." Millet showed this painting to his wife and asked her to interpret it, but she could guess nothing beyond that which it actually and openly depicted—singing harvesters. Thinking the painting was not a success according to true art, Millet took it to his friend and guide, Alfred Sensier. Sensier gazed at the painting for awhile and then remarked, "I see what you intended, my friend. You were thinking, while painting, that men are like seed from the hand of the Great Sower: They are born, they grow. Then, they are cut down by the Great Reaper, He Who had been Sower in the spring. This is the harvest season in the lives of men, and angels, singing joyfully, gather the souls in their arms and carry them to the Supreme Home—Heaven." For a moment, Millet could not speak, but shaking the hand of his friend, he rushed out of the door and hurried back to the countryside. His friend had not only understood "The Harvesters" but had given him an idea for another painting. Thus, in a short intervening space of time, the artistic world of Paris was startled by that extraordinary canvas, "The Reaper," which shows the bent form of a laborer, scythe in hand, cutting the full-grown wheat. The meaning of this picture was readily understood by all who saw it.

So, through the correct interpretation of others, Jean-François Millet was encouraged to continue his artistic work and give the world other masterpieces in "The Gleaners," "Wait-

ing," "Death and the Wood Cutter," "The Shepherd," and "The Shepherdess."

Another artist of unusual power became one of Italy's greatest and most admired masters: Leonardo da Vinci was very much interested in Nature and his entire boyhood was spent in admiring the rapid, swooping flight of birds, darting hither and thither over the hills near his home. One of his earliest paintings, entitled "Freedom," depicted a young girl standing on a high hilltop, her arms outstretched, her coat and long hair flowing in the breeze; while above her, several pure-white swallows were winging their way through the sky of azure blue. Verrocchio, Leonardo's teacher, who was then considered the greatest artist of the artistic city of Florence, instantly recognized the power of the lad and interpreted "Freedom." He said, "Your work is excellent, Leonardo. How symbolical are swallows of the purity and beauty of angels, flying in God's Kingdom! And how the soul of man longs to break its earthly bonds, to sail through Heaven, forever hovering near the Throne and Form of the Creator!" There was a glad light of happiness shining in the eyes of the youngster, who was thus encouraged to paint more pictures, and he murmured, "Oh, Verrocchio, I made you understand! From now on, I know what is to be my aim."

Still another artist, Basil Wereschtschagin, one of the few masters whom Russia has produced, was encouraged to overcome great difficulties through the correct interpretation of his famous painting, "A Chorus of Dervishes." He went to France in 1864 and showed his painting to Gerome, the premier Parisian artist, who immediately remarked, "The outstanding feature of this picture seems to me to be the fact that the dervishes, crudely dressed and repulsive in form and features, can still gain attention by their singing." "By their art," declared Wereschtschagin. Gerome turned to the Russian with a smile of comprehensive understanding, saying, "In other words, m'sieu, an artist of anything can gain attention if he so wills." Thus, the Frenchman and the Russian became staunch friends and mutual admirers, although the press of Paris insisted that all Russian art was "but an echo" of the art of other countries.

By the work of Basil Wereschtschagin, the

artistic world was moved to paint things as those things exist. As a war painter, the Russian was a superb moralist. He painted exactly as he saw the panorama of the battlefield; and he soon surpassed the French, who were the fathers of this species of composition, in his depicting the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth of this sport of kings. There was a whole wide world of difference in spirit between his little military gallery and the big gallery then at Versailles. The earlier Frenchmen had shown pretty uniforms, a monarch prancing on his gorgeously decorated steed in the moment of victory, a quite elegantly wounded soldier or two in the foreground obviously in the act of shouting, "Vive la France!" a host in thrilling flight, another host in glorious pursuit, all waving banners, and a truly remarkable curtain of smoke hiding the general scene of butchery, with many supplementary puffs to shut out all view of disheartening details. Wereschtschagin's manner, on the contrary, passing like a breeze of wholesome truthfulness, lifts all theatrical vapor and shows what is below—men writhing out their lives in every species of agony that can be possibly caused by shot and bayonet wounds, by the dry rot of fever, by the wet rot of cold and cramp; and finding their last glance toward Heaven intercepted by the deathly black vultures which are waiting for a meal. All this is extremely repelling and disgusting but supremely moral. The Russian artist created the realism of the canvas—realism in the true sense of the word—and was inspired to do his work by the appreciation of one man, Gerome; for the rest of the world of painting scorned Wereschtschagin.

So, it goes in all branches of life. To do any great work, the doer must feel that someone will appreciate it. There are innumerable examples of how great men and women have been encouraged to share their greatness with the world because of correct interpretation. Without doubt, for each individual there is a personal critic who will be the guiding light of that individual's life. It is up to the individual to find the critic. Perhaps, the eminent example of some one else will prove an inspiration. In most cases, the understanding of a contempo-

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## Leaves from a Pilgrim's Diary

NANCY BUCKLEY

### LISIEUX—THE GARDEN OF THE LITTLE FLOWER

I LEFT Paris one lovely summer morning at nine o'clock for Lisieux, where bloomed the Little Flower of Sanctity, whose delicate aroma has penetrated all parts of the world. At noon I arrived at Lisieux station, a thrill for my pilgrimage and hoping that one of the roses of the heavenly shower promised by the young Saint T  r  se would fall on me. The pension where I stayed was fascinating in its old world charm. The tables were set out of doors in a square court, and it was delightful to enjoy my meals under the shady trees. The bedroom was spotlessly clean and the bed most comfortable. Best of all the pension was right next door the Carmel where the Little Flower was hidden away in the sweetness and holiness of her short life. Of course, not a half hour had passed before I was walking to the chapel of Carmel. In the court before the chapel is an exquisite statue of T  r  se in her habit, holding a crucifix whose base is hidden by roses. This statue was made by a Trappist Monk, and he has chiseled into the marble the heavenly smile that plays about the young lips; into the eyes he has put the look of one who spurns the fleeting things of this life for the lasting treasures of eternity. Always around the statue bloom choicest flowers in great profusion.

Entering the chapel, I saw the innumerable marble plaques that cover the walls and columns, recording specific graces received through T  r  se's intercession by the faithful in Europe, Asia, and America. The chapel has been considerably enlarged since T  r  se's day. The choir, the grille for the nuns' Communion on the right of their enclosure, the pulpit, the communion rails at which the congregation kneels—all were part of the original building.

My eyes were drawn to the high altar. It is of beautifully tinted marble, above it stands an exquisite group of sculpture—the Apotheosis by M. Alliot. T  r  se is at the summit of the Mount of Perfection. Our Lady, with the Holy

Child, awaits her coming at the foot of the cross. The folds of the Holy Shroud float out on the breeze and are filled with roses. T  r  se, with one hand pleadingly points toward the world; with the other she scatters the roses. Around the group are the words: "I want to spend my Heaven in doing good upon earth." This is illuminated on great festivals. After fervent prayer before the high altar to the little saint of my own day, I went to the chapel of the shrine.

Through the very open grille of delicate iron work I had an uninterrupted view of its beauty. Its walls are of pale blue. Through seven stained glass windows the sun poured the rain of exquisite colors. The identical statue of Our Lady of the Smile, which was in T  r  se's bedroom at the time of her illness as a child, smiled down upon me from a niche of rose marble.

To the right and to the left of the shrine two angels stand. Close by, a child sits playing on a harp, typifying the virtues of spiritual childhood so perfectly exemplified by the Little Flower. The shrine itself, of crystal and of gold, stands in the center of the chapel and resembles a great jewel case. Within, on blue silk, is a marble statue of T  r  se in death, in the habit of her order, and on her brow a wreath of white roses. How beautiful she is! She seems almost alive, this little saint of our own time, whose short life of twenty-four years was filled with such immense love of God, and who from Heaven has been sending a very shower of graces and blessings on earth.

Masses are said almost continuously from early morn until nearly noon at the different chapels. I noted so many priests, bearded, tanned by the sun, missionaries from the East and the West, who were praying at T  r  se's shrine in all the abandon of thankful joy. What intense love they have for her who is indeed their little sister! Flags of different countries, banners of processions hang in the choir and sanctuary, and softly sway in the breeze from the ever opening door. What eloquent stories



they tell of thanksgivings or pilgrimages! Croix de Guerre, Legion of Honor, foreign orders of many nations—row on row, they are arranged in two glass cases near the shrine. They have been given by the brave soldiers, who on the battlefield of the World War, prayed to this little saint and vowed to her the souvenirs of their courage.

Every morning I heard Mass and received Holy Communion in the chapel where indescribable peace seemed to fill my soul.

In Les Buissonnets, the home of Tère'se, I spent many happy hours, in fact every hour of Lisieux is one of happiness and of joy, and let me add, of prayer. The home was about fifteen minutes walk from my pension, the way was interesting and filled with quiet pleasure which rejoiced my eyes and ears weary with the noise and bustle and flashing movement of a big city. Passing through the garden I had my first view of the house. Externally there is nothing extraordinary about it,—it looks just what it was: the modern, comfortable, well built home of Louis Martin and his family. In the dining room this father of a saint used to preside at the meals, reading from the Lives of the Saints. In the nursery where Tère'se spent so many hours praying and also "thinking of God," I saw her toys, her school books, her satchel, her atlas—souvenirs of a happy childhood. Her bedroom, where on May 10th, 1883, when ten-year-old Tère'se was lying dangerously ill, a statue of Our Lady suddenly became animated and smiled on her and restored her instantly to health, has been converted into an oratory and priests deem it a great honor to be allowed to say Mass there, where Our Lady came smiling to her little client.

In the Gallery of Souvenirs near the chapel I saw Tère'se's christening robe and the white dress she wore when as a child she walked before the Blessed Sacrament scattering flowers; her nun's habit, cloak, and veil; her profession wreath; her beautiful golden-brown hair; her instruments of penance; her rosary; the palm found fresh in her coffin when it was opened in 1910; the oaken chest in which her relics were laid after the first exhumation. In the center of these souvenirs stands a full-length portrait of Tère'se painted by Roybet. It is very beautiful and I did not marvel so much when I

heard that the painter wrote to the Mother Prioress to say that his hand was guided by Tère'se.

Alas! Too soon my visit to Lisieux was drawing to a close, but though I left behind me its winding streets, its picturesque rivers, its timber houses, I was taking to hold forever in my heart the memory and the love of the little Carmelite whose intimate companionship with Jesus and Mary, whose sweet simplicity, whose tender gracious love for sinners made her into a very rose of sanctity whose fragrant odor fills the world to-day with heavenly fragrance.

### *Up Mount Popocatepetl*

*(Continued from page 165)*

were in the saddle and on our way back to Amecameca. Our faces were red as beets from the glare of the sun on the snow and our eyes were bloodshot. We rode hard, for we were determined to catch the train back to Mexico City that night. The guide declared that it was not at all possible, that such haste was unseemly and not at all the custom in Mexico, the land of to-morrow or of next year, but we swung around his creeping pony and set him such a breakneck pace down the mountain side, over slippery rocks and fallen pine trees, that he called us all *loco*, and let us skidaddle.

We drew up in Amecameca in time to catch the train after paying the monopolistic landlady 50 cents (Mexican) apiece for a cubic inch of pie and a swallow of coffee.

### *Schoolmaster Riney*

*(Continued from page 158)*

spread to merit consideration in the case of an ordinary man, it can not be so with a Lincoln. Catholics have good cause to cherish a memory of that honorable relationship and to warm to the possibility that the uniform respect paid by Abraham Lincoln in his adult years in both private and public life, to all kinds of religious belief, his broad tolerance, his clearly avowed aversion to Know-nothingism—not to cite further—trace back in some degree to Zachariah Riney as teacher, neighbor, citizen, Catholic, and man.



## Up Mount Popocatepetl

GEORGE F. PAUL

Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth,  
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,  
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven.  
Great hierarch, tell thou the silent sky,  
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,  
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

EVERY American schoolboy seeking refuge in his big geography to keep out of mischief, may sooner or later find in it the picture of a bold, white-headed mountain, and beneath it a name which makes him look twice to pronounce it. And later, when grown to manhood, he looks out over the valley of Mexico from some hilltop, that same mountain, majestic and serene, will rivet his attention and make him think twice as to whether he can conquer its 17,800 feet or not.

The Alpine city of Amecameca rises in the

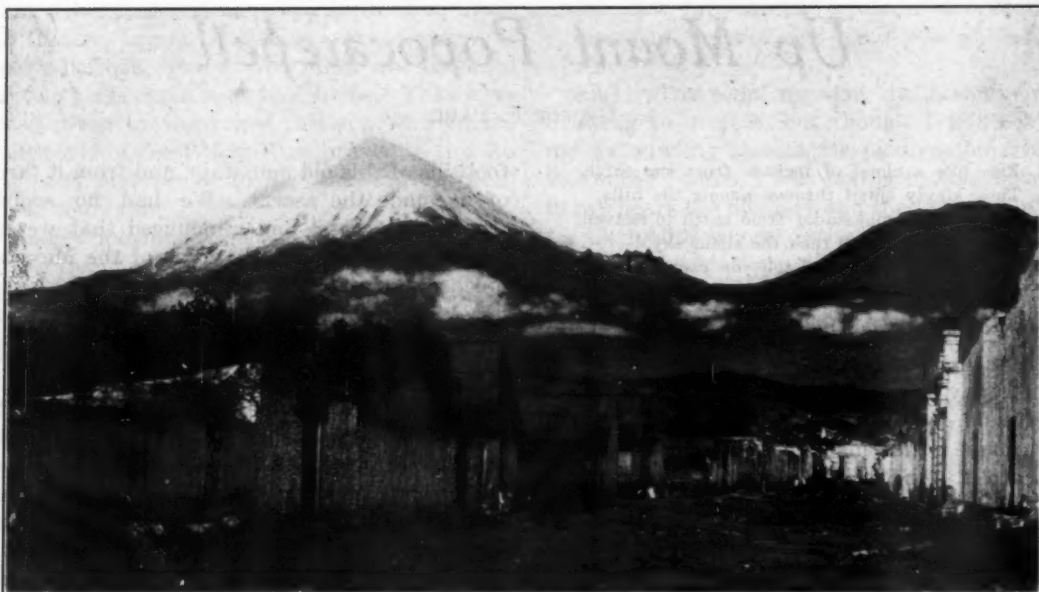
foothills of this old mountain, and from it three of us made the ascent. We had no sooner reached the hotel and announced that we intended to climb Popo than one of the Mexican muchachos was off like a flash to find his master. That worthy came while Charley, the Chinaman, was bringing on steaks and chicken and black coffee.

Our room that night was a huge one, with three beds; the washbasin was as big as a tub; the floor was painted a brilliant red; the key was big enough for London Tower. The next morning we were up early to see how the land lay. Seemingly within gunshot of us rose "the monarch of mountains."

At noon we were in the saddle and off for the mountains. The ascent led us by deep



MEXICO CITY WITH POPOCATEPETL IN THE BACKGROUND



AMECAMECA, A VILLAGE AT THE FOOTHILLS OF POPOCATEPETL

canyons and through dark, dense forests of pine. There was not a bird in sight, nor was the stillness of that vast forest broken by a sound save the steady hoofbeats of the horses. Down from the ice-clad sides of old Popo swept a chilling blast that went through our clothing as if it were paper. Each man touched up his horse that we might reach shelter before darkness settled over the land. We went slipping down a steep ravine, wheeled to the right and there we were at Tlamacas, where once a ranch had stood.

Now we could see the great volcano in all its dread grandeur. Up hill then it had seemed a pyramid. Now beyond the timbered ravine it swelled up like a gigantic tent, filling the whole southern sky. Colossal, stupendous, sublime, it towered above our Lilliputian selves. Our chatter ceased. We made our headquarters in the only building standing, a rough horse shed. After supper we brought in our horses and then spread our blankets in the remaining space around the suffocating, blinding fire. About that time Vaughan pulled out his guidebook and began to read what it said about climbing Popocatepetl. The rain came down with a great swirl, making the frail structure rock and creak and groan, almost drowning his

sonorous words: "The expedition is a very exhausting one, and especially for those with weak hearts. The sulphur *ranch*o, a draughty shelter, has a terribly bad smell. By all means secure woolen clothing and woolen mittens (Vaughan had on a straw hat) cotton-cloth swathings for the feet, smoked glasses, and a very—"; he read no farther, for we howled him down as a disturber of the peace.

The guide curled up in a ball and began to dream of gay fiestas, while the rain beat through the gaping cracks and the fire sizzled and smoked. About midnight a howl awoke us. A pony had trodden on the mozo's left foot. He clubbed the beast, and then changed his bed to the manger. Presently we got some sleep, waking in time to see the sun tinting the skies with glorious reds and yellows. We swallowed a hearty breakfast and soon set out through the silent forest.

Passing over fallen pines, we reached the Barranca of Niloac. Down we seemed to plunge into its gloomy depths. We let the horses have their way as they felt along the narrow twelve-inch path cut in the face of the cliff. Far above us loomed the eternal whiteness of the giant, broken only by the black pinnacle known as Pico del Fraile. At an elevation of 15,710 feet

we left all vegetation behind us. Scoria, ashes, and snow lay in front. Our horses sank to their knees in the volcanic sand. As the grade was steep, we advanced in a series of zigzags. Part of the way we walked.

At last we reached Las Cruces, where still harder work began. The guide would go no farther, but sat down on the cold rocks and puffed warmly at a cigarette. On we pushed afoot. At an elevation of 16,000 feet Vaughan insisted that he could not go a step farther. We believed him. The blood began to stream from his nose, his heart was beating like a trip hammer, and his temples throbbed as if to burst. We felt that we should turn back with him, but he protested, "No, no, you fellows go on. I'll get down all right alone." Then he started crawling down the slippery path that we had climbed.

We two went on as best we could. Every hundred feet or so we would have to stop and rest. We puffed as if we had run a good half mile at a fast clip. Whirling rocks, loosened from their resting places of centuries, came zipping down as if shot from a catapult. Many leagues to the east of us shone the white walls and resplendent towers of Puebla, the City of the Angels. Silver threads of rivers stole down from the mountains and lost themselves in the foothills. Like a fairy band of sprites, whirling wraiths of clouds circled around the spotless dome of the twin volcano, Iztaccihuatl, or "the Woman in White."

As we climbed higher, Marion's right foot became numb as a board. He had been in the tropics for several years and was not used to zero surroundings. The cold grew more and more severe every moment. Mist swept by us upward, chilling us to the bone. A snowslide started above us, but luckily it went swirling down fifty yards to our left. The snow was becoming very slippery and treacherous. If we had fallen we would have tumbled into one of the dark ravines, or dashed on down to Las Cruces. At last, with many a weary puff and groan, we crouched tremblingly on one of the peaks at the crater's rim and saluted Vaughan below with cheers that never reached him.

The crater itself is like a section of No Man's Land transported to these dizzy heights. It is fully half a mile in diameter, and so dread and

forbidding that it might well have been used by the three witches of Macbeth's time in stirring up their evil cookery. A green sulphur lake lies at the bottom of this yawning caldron and from it some fifty vents are constantly pouring forth their deadly fumes.

As we were suffering intensely from the cold, having made the trip with but little preparation, we did not attempt to descend into the crater below. We did not tarry to consider the mighty forces that threw up this huge mass and left a vent for the angry monster within; nor did we contemplate with a Baron Humboldt the hundreds of square miles visible from this heaven-kissing watchtower, for thick flakes of snow began to fall, obscuring the vision.

As far as the snow line we crept descending. From there on we went in long and joyful kangaroo bounds down over the volcanic sand. At Tlamacas we found Vaughan, who was reduced to a sleepy condition, and the Mexican guide, who was reduced to his last cigarette. Soon we

*(Continued on page 162)*



LAVA BED ON THE SLOPE OF MOUNT IZTACCIHUATL, COMPANION PEAK TO POPOCATEPETL

## The Painted Lady

SALLIE LEE BELL

FRANÇOIS laid away his dust cloth and got his battered hat. His duties as caretaker of the Cabildo were over for the day. With step grown slow with age, he walked down the corridor of the old New Orleans museum toward the stairs worn hollow by the tread of generations. At the landing he paused a moment and gazed with rapt eyes at the picture hanging there with the light from the window streaming over its tarnished frame.

"*Ma belle chérie*, my beautiful one," he murmured and as his lips uttered the words, into his dim old eyes there came a light of adoration.

A door opened behind him and there was a faint step upon the stairway, but François, staring at the face of the lovely lady upon the canvas, did not hear. He was lost in a world of his own, a world where youth and love held sway, where the woman of the picture, standing with her hand lightly poised upon the stair rail was alive and vibrant with love.

A muffled cough behind him brought him suddenly to the present. With a guilty start he turned and saw the girl standing there with a tremulous smile upon her lips. She might have been, save for the clothes she wore, the picture come to life. Small and graceful, with features made to paint in miniature, she had unconsciously assumed the pose of the painted lady.

"Did you love her very much?" she asked in low tones.

"Very much," he repeated in embarrassed voice.

"And she loved you as much?" she questioned.

"I've told you before, Leda," he answered quietly.

"But I love to hear you tell it," she insisted.

"I'd rather not—talk about it. It is something—something—sacred," he explained hesitatingly.

"But she did and I'm glad," she asserted, squeezing his shabby-coated arm as they descended the stairs. "And I think it was mean

of them to send you away because you were poor."

"It was best for—her," he murmured with a far-away look of pain in his dim eyes.

"I'm not so sure about that. Perhaps if you'd married Grandmother, she would have been happier and there wouldn't have been all the trouble about those deeds that Grandfather hid just to spite her. Then I wouldn't have been robbed of all that land just because I couldn't find those deeds. I'm sorry I sold the picture," she added as they passed out into the dusk of the busy street. "But if I hadn't, you would never have found me. It was lucky for me that I looked so much like Grandmother, wasn't it?"

François nodded silently as he suffered Leda to guide him through the traffic.

"If I hadn't looked so much like her, you'd never have known me and I don't know what I would have done after I left the hospital. You've been so dear, François," she whispered.

"It's been good to have you with me, my dear," François replied. "Loving you has been almost like—loving—her all over again. It was like—having—her," he ended softly.

"François," she began after a brief pause, "I'm worried about Philippe. That cough of his makes me more and more afraid. To-day he is going to see the doctor. I begged him to go because he's getting so thin and pale."

"Perhaps it's the long hours at the factory. It's enough to kill a strong man and Philippe is not fitted for the work."

"I know. But what else could he do? It was that or nothing. I know it is killing him and if he should die—François—I couldn't stand it! There'd be nothing else left. First father, then mother, then home and everything. You see, dear, I love Philippe like you did—her. Don't you understand how it is?"

They had come to their shabby home in the rear of an ancient courtyard. In a short time Leda had a fire lighted and a pot of coffee on. She hummed a little tune as she worked but there were tired lines about her piquant mouth



and after their scanty meal was finished, she dropped into a chair with a weary sigh. But a few moments later a low whistle sounded outside and Leda jumped to her feet, forgetting her weariness.

"It's Philippe!" she cried and flew to meet him.

François watched them for a time from the shadows, as they, in a world of their own, forgot his presence. In the heart of the old man there was a dull pain as memory carried him back to the past. Leda might have been his lady and the boy with his dark hair and pale face might have been himself. He sat there dreaming of what had been and of what might have been if fate had not separated him from the girl he loved. It was strange that her picture should have come to him after all these years and that in seeing it again he had found Leda. What a joy his humble service in the Cabildo had been since he could gaze upon the pictured image of his love every day and talk to her after everyone had gone and just he and she were alone among the relics of forgotten days! Dreaming thus, he dozed. He was awakened by Leda's sobs.

"It's Philippe," she explained in answer to his question. "The doctor said it is tuberculosis. There's a chance for him if he'll go west right away. But what chance has he got to go anywhere?" she wailed.

François was silent in the face of her hopeless grief.

"I hate my grandfather for hiding those deeds!" she cried. "If he hadn't hid them, we'd have money enough and Philippe and you and I could go away together. I hate him! Through spite he's robbed me of what belongs to me."

"But if you'd had the deeds, perhaps you'd never have met Philippe," offered François, stroking her tumbled hair.

"If I'd never met him and never loved him, then I wouldn't know the terror of losing him," she replied.

All through the night François listened to Leda's fitful weeping and his mind struggled with the problem of helping her. But there was no way out so far as he could see. Weary and saddened he went the next day to his work and for the first time since the coming of the pic-

ture to the museum, François felt no joy in his task. For a moment he stood looking at the painted face, but there was no little word of greeting from him, there was no little make-believe conversation with her who was dead, yet whose memory still burned like a flame in his heart.

It was when he stood over the jewel cabinet dusting off the glass surface that temptation first whispered to him. If these jewels were of any value, it would be no great task for some thief to get them, unload them on some convenient "fence" and be a richer man for his effort. The thought flitted through his mind as he paused looking down at the array of paste gems and tarnished baubles. Brushing an imaginary cobweb from his eyes, François jerked himself mentally and turned away. There was a breathless fear in his heart as his confused thoughts adjusted themselves. Gratefully he turned to the door and made way for the early visitors to the Cabildo, glad of the chance of leaving the room.

Days passed and perhaps the subtle whisper would have dimmed in his memory and faded if Leda had not met him with the frantic wail that Philippe had had a hemorrhage. She clung to François as she poured forth her grief.

"I thought he was bleeding to death," she moaned. "He looked so white and worn! The doctor said that he must get away at once, that he would die if he stayed here!"

"Don't give up hope, my Leda," François murmured comfortingly. "Perhaps we'll find a way."

"You know you don't believe that!" she cried desperately.

Two mornings later temptation became a real and living thing to François, for that morning there rested in the jewel cabinet, not paste and tarnished gilt, but gold, real gold and gems. Two members of the board were discussing them in low tones.

"We'll have to find a safer place for these things. It'll never do to let them stay here," said one.

"They'll have to stay here until the board meets. Most people will think they're paste like the other jewelry. I don't know why they were given to the museum. They're too valuable for a place like this," replied another.

They finally went out and François began to dust off the jewel cabinet. There, while his dim eyes rested on the array of gems, the whisper returned to him. If someone entered the Cabillo through that little window at the back with the broken lock, it would be an easy thing to rob the jewel cabinet. And a fortune would be in the hands of the thief!

He paled and turned away, his step unsteady and his hand trembling. He busied himself about other things. But his thoughts ran riot. Philippe could not stand many hemorrhages. He would die. Leda's heart would be broken. Perhaps she would die too. Old Louis down on Royal street was a well known fence. Everyone in the French Quarter knew about him but he was too slick to be caught with stolen goods. Louis would likely beat one down to the last cent for the loot, but even a small part of its worth would seem like a fortune.

With beads of perspiration standing out on his wrinkled brow and his soul filled with a nameless horror, François at last left the building. He turned into the Cathedral and there before the Blessed Virgin he knelt in prayer. But he seemed to be fighting a losing battle against temptation. He looked into that calm pure face and murmured, "O Holy Mother, help me! Show me another way out!"

But no answer came to his agonized heart and he stumbled from the church. Long night hours of restlessness, with the knowledge of Philippe's steady decline and the urgency for haste brought him to the next day's duties with aching body and fear-filled heart.

Eagerly, yet fearfully, he gazed at the jewels resting there beneath the glass as he dusted the top over and over again. Perhaps if he had not been so preoccupied with his own great problem, he would have paid more attention to the two men, seeming tourists, who stood looking long at the jewels after he left them. Perhaps he would have followed them suspiciously as they went about the building, more intent upon the windows and doorways than upon the treasured relics of the past. And perhaps if he had paid more attention to them, the rest of his story would have been very different.

But they went out into the busy street and hours later François left also. But this time as

he left the building, he paused longer to gaze with rapt eyes at the lady of the canvas and as he looked up at the beautiful face with its faint smile, the tears trickled down his cheek.

"*Ma belle chérie*," he whispered. "It is the last time. It is adieu, not *au revoir*. I'll never be able to come back—after to-night. But it is for her. You'll understand."

He stood there a moment longer, unconscious of the poetry of his soul and the strange new dignity which enveloped him, then with bowed head he turned away. Once more he slipped into the dim interior of the Cathedral. He knelt before the Virgin, then slowly he drew out a worn and treasured rosary and laid it at the feet of the Madonna. Then he raised agonized eyes to the face of the Holy Mother, calm and serene before the storm within his soul.

"Blessed Lady of Mercy!" he breathed. "It is for the last time! There is no other way. You—didn't show me another way!"

His eyes wandered to the confessional where so often he had found peace and comfort. He shuddered. He could never know the peace and joy of that again, for he could never unburden his soul of the thing he was about to do. It would be his guilty load to carry through the few years left to him.

Wearily he turned his feet toward home. He passed the window of Louis' shop and his frail body quivered. In a few hours he would be knocking on that dark door and seeking to bargain with Louis as others had done before—other thieves like him!

In the darkness just before dawn, François slipped through the little window with the broken latch and down the long dark corridors of the Cabillo toward the worn stairway. Intent upon the dread task before him, he did not think of the picture until he suddenly faced it on the landing. The moonlight, pale and dim, lighted the picture with a strange, ghostly radiance and from the canvas the painted lips seemed to have lost their smile. To the sensitive soul of the man the face had suddenly become accusing and he fancied he could see the lips murmur, "Don't do it."

"But it is for her," he whispered. "What does it matter about me? What does my soul matter?" he asked as if in answer to a question. "My life is spent. Hers is just begun."

Then he seemed to see above the picture another face, another Lady whose lips also said, "Don't do it."

A tremor shook him and he stood with bloodless face and eyes staring at the painted face and that other dim vision above.

"The Blessed Virgin!" he gasped. Then he sank sobbing to his knees. "I can't do it. I can't do it! Not even for Leda!" he cried as he rocked himself to and fro upon the dusty floor.

There was the noise of padded feet upon the floor above and François saw a flashlight flitting about the darkness. Forgetting that he had been bent upon the same mission, or that his own presence there might be questioned later, his one thought was to save the museum from being robbed. With nervous fingers he reached for the light switch, shouting meanwhile at the top of his voice, "Police! Police! Robbers! Help! Help!"

It was a hazy blur from that moment. François had a confused knowledge of bright lights, startled cries from the trapped thieves, the firing of shots and the hurtling of heavy objects through the air. A confusion of voices and then oblivion as the picture above him crashed to the floor.

Dazed and bleeding, he finally recognized the face of a friendly policeman bending over him.

"Good work you did, François," the officer remarked. "But you're lucky not to have been killed. Those were desperate birds, but bum shots."

"Birds?" repeated François blankly, still dazed.

"Yeah, night hawks," laughed the officer. "They were caught with the goods on them, so they won't need any identifying. Jewelry worth a fortune. Lucky you happened along. Going to early Mass, I suppose."

François didn't answer. He was staring at the picture lying on the floor. The beautiful face was marred forever. It had been torn through by some heavy object, evidently thrown by the thieves.

The officer followed his gaze. "I guess that'll go in the trash pile," he remarked.

"Maybe they'd give it to me," suggested François tremulously, eagerly.

"Maybe they would," agreed the officer.

"You'll stand in pretty high with the managing board after they know about to-night's affair. It's a pity there ain't a reward out for those fellows, so's you could collect it."

But the only reward François desired was the possession of the damaged painting.

It was after the chairman of the board had called to thank François and had left the painting after a called meeting of the board, that François poured forth the whole story to Leda. He found a peculiar relief in confessing his intended crime to her.

With tear-filled eyes she listened to his story.

"You would have done this for me?" she whispered, throwing her arms about him. "But I'm glad it happened like it did," she added, though a wistful sigh escaped her at the thought of her hopeless problem.

François turned to the picture lying torn and ruined upon the table. "She is gone forever," he murmured, "but she—saved my soul. They both did," he added reverently.

Leda didn't understand. "Maybe it isn't as bad as it looks," she offered. "Let's take it out of the frame and see if we can't mend it. I believe I can patch it and make it look pretty good."

Deftly she tore the cloth from the back of the picture and began removing it from the frame. As she did so, there fell from the back of the canvas, down under the broad frame, a yellowed paper. Curiously she opened it and began to read the finely printed lines. But suddenly she saw the seal and the signature. A cry of amazement escaped her, then as comprehension dawned, a little shriek of uncontrolled joy.

"François! François!" she exclaimed in ecstatic tones. "It's the deeds! My grandfather's deeds to that land! Think of it, François! He hid them in the picture!" and she danced about the room in a paroxysm of joy.

François smiled a tremulous smile, then his attention turned once more to the picture. Gently he placed the torn edges together, murmuring, "Maybe it can be fixed. Maybe it can."

"Of course it can!" she cried. "And if it can't, I'll get the best artist in the world to paint you another just like it. Don't bother to

(Continued on page 173)



## *In Ancient Fribourg*

BARBARA SCOTT

WE had succumbed to the charm of medievalism and in our quest of haunts similarly fascinating as the country's capital, were directed towards Fribourg, which, same as Berne, is a foundation of the nobles of Zähringen, dating back to 1157 A. D. High up on a lofty peninsula formed by the Sarine river stands this ancient city with its very modern approaches. Trains running ever so smoothly by electricity; the Grandfey Viaduct, a triumph of 20th century engineering skill; then a railroad station of monumental design. Manifestations of progress which are a boon to the traveler, but which, for the time being, we viewed with wonderment—for we expected to feast on pictures many centuries old.

However, our anxiety was soon dispelled, for the new part of Fribourg is near the station and the remainder is occupied by the real old town, consisting of an upper and lower quarter. Medievalism! Almost involuntarily we closed our eyes, for the tableau now confronting us appeared as beautiful as a dream. Here old walls and sturdy towers rose protectingly over time-honored churches, monasteries and convents, while gabled and turreted houses gazed sleepily on fountains crowned with symbolic statues.

Fribourg sometimes is called the "little Rome of Switzerland," and the one-time Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas, which has been the Cathedral of the diocese of Lausanne, Geneva and Fribourg since 1925, is the center of the city's ardent spiritual life. It dates back to 1283 and to-day yet is a magnet which attracts visitors of all denominations. From the nave of this historic edifice, of which the lofty vaulting depicts the uplifting quality of the Gothic, one looks past the dark, carved stalls of the choir upon the altar with its angels, seeing all through the sombre bars of a rood screen fashioned 500 years ago. The iron work of the latter forms an intricate design of thorns, suggestive of a crown, as if to remind mankind

that the gate of eternal blessing is by sorrow and repentance.

The high and slender windows of the choir show mellowed stained glass from the former 12th century Cistercian abbey church of Hauterive, or Altenryf, on the left bank of the Sarine, now a training school for teachers. The windows of the aisles are in strange contrast to those of the choir. They are the work of a comparatively modern Polish artist, Joseph Mehoffer, and are fairly ablaze with light and color, with all the symbolism of the past joined to the realism of the present and the mystery of the future. A beautiful "Entombment" in sandstone adorns the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre and a font and pulpit of medieval origin fit appropriately into the picture.

Suddenly our reveries are interrupted and music of a wondrous quality reminds us that the Cathedral of Fribourg has one of the most famous organs in the country. From June 1st to October 15th there are daily recitals and at other times of the year the organ is played on Sundays and holidays. For one short hour the creations of the great masters revealed to us the rare quality of this instrument and the depth and majesty of its volume. How delicate was its faintest breath, how full and rich its loudest roar!

Silently we emerged from the shadows of the church and could not refrain from a profound contemplation of the elaborate sculptures adorning the main portal: the Apostles; the Angelical Salutation and the Last Judgment. Every detail of this church is an anthem, a stepping-stone to loftier spheres.

Another venerable neighbor of St. Nicholas Cathedral is the church of Notre Dame, an early 13th century edifice, and close by is one of Fribourg's numerous convents, the Couvent des Cordeliers which was founded in 1256. Through a short street, known as the rue du Tilleul, we now reached the famous public square of this name, where stands the city's



most cherished linden tree, about which the following touching story is told:

After the defeat of Charles the Bold in the Battle of Morat on June 22, 1476, a young soldier of Fribourg ran the ten miles from the battle field to bring his native city the good news. Covered with blood, dust and sweat, and carrying in his hand a sprig of a linden tree, he entered the town by the Gate of Morat and raced through the streets to Town Hall Square, where gasping out the one word "Victory!" he fell dead upon the pavement. Reverent hands took the green twig that he still held, and planted it on the spot where he fell; and there it grew and still stands, a gnarled and weather-beaten tree now, with the branches it can no longer support resting their weight upon pillars of stone.

Town Hall Square adjoins the domain of this venerable tree and the Hotel Cantonal, as this early 16th century government building is called, suggests belief in a sturdy, upright populace, so strong and determined are its bulk and line. A covered outside staircase and an octagonal clock-tower fascinated us without, and lovely old frescoes, stoves and other 16th century treasures delighted us within.

Handsome fountain statues are particularly plentiful in this quarter and the steep street which runs from here down to lower Fribourg is appropriately named "Rue de la Grand' Fontaine." The Fontaine de St. Georges by Hans Geiler, an artist who also did altar carvings in Fribourg, dates back to 1524 and is probably the oldest fountain of its kind in the city. After Geiler came another young sculptor, Hans Gieng, who became so attached to the city that he made it his permanent home. And there he used his talents, beautifying every few years another angle of Fribourg's streets, another center of its squares. To-day one admires these fountains chiefly for their artistic and ornamental value, hardly realizing that they were really the forerunners of our modern plumbing, the source of cleanliness, of comfort and relief from thirst. At the time of their origin beauty and usefulness had to be strictly combined, but Biblical or moral precepts were almost always introduced. Thus on our stroll through the city we encountered fountain statues of Samson, St. John, St. Peter, St.

Anne, Prudence, Fidelity, Vigilance and the Samaritan.

The last mentioned statue with its two realistic figures and its quaintly carved well on a column above the actual water source, is particularly beautiful. Then on the square of the Petit St. Jean we lingered long before the gracious figure of St. Anne above a generously spreading basin where congregate the women of that section, to fetch the household water, to cool their fruits and vegetables and to do their washing. Needless to add that the news of the day are never lacking around one of these popular fountains.

Fribourg, like Berne, is a city of bridges. Two huge suspension bridges were completed in 1835 and 1840 respectively, but the older of the two was replaced in 1924 by the seven-arched Zähringen Bridge, of reinforced concrete. The other span of this type, known as the Pont du Gotteron, is still in use. It crosses 246 feet above the valley bearing this name, and affords a magnificent view of the town.

It is not alone its unique situation as if it were a peninsula in the grip of the Sarine, nor the charm of its environs, that entitle Fribourg to claim a foremost position among noteworthy Swiss towns; but also its pronounced character, combining traces of an ancient aristocracy and chivalry with a profound ecclesiasticism. Fribourg, we quickly discovered, is a veritable stronghold of culture and learning. It's Lycée, where the University lectures on theology, law and philosophy are given, and its numerous other educational establishments, mostly under the direction of religious Orders, are visited by students from many lands, including also the United States.

Beautifully mellowed by time, idealistic, yet strong of purpose, thus we found medieval Fribourg, which will forever remain one of our happy memories.

It is very hurtful to the soul to defer holy Communion long, for this usually brings on spiritual drowsiness.

Seek ye the Lord while He may be found: call upon Him while He is near.

Son, support the old age of thy father, and grieve him not in his life.

# Spiritual Conferences for College Men

BURTON CONFREY, PH. D.

(Continued)

CLOSELY associated with the idea of obedience is that of discipline, and one of the most important lessons youth must learn is that the conquest of life comes through discipline. A student reaction to this thought I append:

Nowhere in Father Cavanaugh's splendid discourse on "The Conquest of Life" does he give more sagacious and helpful advice than when he states, "The first lesson you must learn is that the conquest of life is to come through discipline."

This lesson is one that is unusually difficult for an immature mind to understand. When but a child one is often disposed to believe that discipline is one of the whims of loving parents. Then comes youth, when, if the error of childhood has not been corrected, a strong dislike, if not an undying hatred, towards all discipline develops. When this condition exists, the lesson is the most difficult to learn.

In childhood the proper training from the parents in addition to the training received in primary or grammar school is especially helpful. If this training in childhood is neglected there is but a short time to learn the rule and that is during youth, for at this time, "the seed time of life," the mind is yet plastic and lasting impressions and lessons make themselves felt in our minds. The training received in high schools and colleges and after schooling is of much benefit. However, the best and the most sacred lessons of discipline are learned by a more rigid and a stricter upholding of the principles and dogmas of one's faith.

While it seems pathetic that a youth of eighteen should have had sufficient experience to appreciate *The Imitation of Christ*, one can see the advantage of learning early the relationship of obedience and subjection.

Thomas a Kempis tells us that "It is a very great thing to stand in obedience, to live under a superior and not to be our own masters." This we learn after a few years in the parental care and guidance of Notre Dame. When we come here, we

present our plastic selves to be moulded into Catholic manhood, and we subject ourselves in obedience to the authority of the teachers of the universe.

Authority is the essence of civilization and the foundation of the Catholic Church. Without it all will fail, for only authority and law will preserve order; and without order, chaos and destruction will result. If we obey the laws of authority we will be happy of mind and heart, and this willing submission will help us to attain the higher things of life. Obedience is necessary to success; disobedience will result in failure.

Many are under subjection more because of necessity than for the love of God, but freedom of mind can only eventuate in subjecting ourselves with our whole heart for the love of God and obeying the laws and dictates of our superiors.

As one phase of giving oneself all to God we must consider the call of love for love. The individual's realization that God has chosen him of all creatures—when He might have chosen a St. Peter, a St. Paul—not because of his own goodness but in spite of all He foresaw, should convince him of the necessity of making some return. For keeping His commandments, we shall have all Beauty, all Truth, all Goodness as reward. We owe God everything. We must consecrate our lives to Him. We must spend our time doing what he asks. In *Victims of Love* (p. 6) the ideal appears:

Love is what God wants. You cannot be a true victim unless the fire of love has enkindled your heart. This love burns out all that is unseemly because it is communicated by the Holy Ghost, purifying, illuminating, bringing to fruition.

Special gifts adorn this soul, all enclosed in great measure of charity. One finds there—at least in germ—virtues of the Beatitudes and the intimate sanctities of the Counsels of Perfection.

God's love is greater than the sum of all human loves—than that of the mother who faces death to give birth to her child, that of the father for son, that of husband for wife,

that of brother for brother. His condescension and sacrifice in the Crib at Bethlehem, on Calvary's Cross, on the altar daily, in Holy Communion—all should overwhelm us with His generosity; and we should refuse Him nothing.

One student saw the fact in this light:

God, the Creator of the whole human race, knows me from all the other creatures in His mighty kingdom and loves me just as truly and intimately as He loves the million others around me. He loves me because He is my Creator and because in the creation He gave me a soul made to His own image and likeness as well as to that of the Most Blessed Trinity. The soul is an indelible character which can never be removed and which has been enriched with heavenly graces, thereby making it a fit home of loveliness and splendor for Him who has control over the destination of this spiritual tabernacle. He loves me because I am His adopted child through Baptism, which makes me the right heir to His throne. This right He obtained for me by the greatest price He could pay, that of giving up His own life by His death on the cross for my salvation.

To a different type of mind the same idea appeals thus:

I am now determined to take life as an act of love for God. That thought gives me the feeling that there is Somebody that understands me, Somebody that does lead me, friendlike, in the path of love.

I am working nights. I need the money and the confidence of Dad. If I do not earn enough he thinks there is something wrong. I can call that my hair shirt, and let the experience sweeten me in human understanding. I have to learn to take life in in any form with all the pep I can muster to make the best of things. So far I have not earned my wages and have been on the brink of being fired.

I feel this night work agonizing but full of treasures: it gives me a burden to carry on my own shoulders and presses me to show my inner self. Sometimes it makes me sour against everything, but it also shows me the way to overcome that. It makes me get along with people when I crave intensely to do something I want to do but cannot find time to do. It makes me a servant rather than a master of my own desires. No time is my own; but just the yearning for that time and the environment to fit myself for those circumstances

gives me a fuller appreciation of life. I see people in their good intentions and their little crosses. What a blessing night work really is.

Mosely, who works with me is a good-hearted kid, sincere, full of optimism, aiming to be a lawyer and yearning for real knowledge. He has nothing but a will to back him, no money—has nothing but obstacles to confront. And the big thing that carries him through is a keen sense of humor, even to laugh at himself so that his optimism will not be killed. Sis tells me that if I were in his shoes I'd give up. Maybe I would. I depend too much on Dad. For four years, when I was on my own hook, my yearning for an education remained only a longing. It was only Dad's support in my tight pinches that bolstered me up.

During the next week I will write my story (if I can force myself to start it) of how a child could be raised. The subject would make me conscious of the yearning of a father and the driftings of a son, the importance of religion in the ideal rearing of a son in order to get his real confidence. Look at the setting I have. I am right in the environment. If I look at it deeply enough I will be able to get away from the how-differently-I-do-it attitude and find how earnestly and lovingly my folks are helping me—and I take it as though I have it coming to me.

I thought I could get Don to make the retreat this Labor Day, but I fell flat. I am the gracious friend who is conscious of his goodness.

All that I have written is an expression of how I pray. My love and devotion to the Blessed Virgin and to the Sacred Heart is just as careless as I am cynical with people. It works hand in hand.

*(To be continued)*

### *The Painted Lady*

*(Continued from page 169)*

grieve over the picture now, François. We're saved—you and Philippe—and I!"

"Yes, we're saved, you—Philippe—and I," he echoed, as his hands still lingeringly caressed the picture. But his eyes wandered to the little statue of the Virgin on the wall and in his soul was a murmured prayer of thanks. She had given him the way out! She had not failed him! He must get his rosary back again!



## Notes of Interest

### Miscellaneous

—Dr. Helen Hughes Hielscher, who holds a degree in medicine, and whose husband is a practicing physician, has been appointed by the Governor of Minnesota to the State Board of Health and Vital Statistics. She is the first woman to be appointed to this Board. While we congratulate Dr. Hielscher on her appointment, we regret that her new duties will not permit her to continue to be among our regular contributors. Many of the readers will miss "Dr. Helen's Consulting Room," from which they gleaned much valuable information.

—The Rev. Daniel O'Sullivan, pastor of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament in Louisville, Ky., for the past fifty-two years, celebrated his ninety-sixth birthday on July 12. Father O'Sullivan was born in Co. Cork, Ireland, in 1836. His parents and a brother died before the future priest left for the new world. Father O'Sullivan, who was ordained by the late Bishop McCloskey of Louisville on January 31, 1874, is enjoying excellent health.

—Sister Mary Joseph O'Sullivan, a Sister of Charity at Mt. St. Joseph near Cincinnati, and a sister of Father O'Sullivan whom we mentioned in the foregoing item, passed her hundredth birthday on June 17 of this year. She accompanied her brother to America in a sail boat. Seventy years ago on April 28, 1862, at the age of thirty, she entered the convent. Two years later, on Aug. 15, 1864, Sister Mary Joseph made her vows. Like her brother she is also enjoying good health, although her sight and hearing are somewhat impaired, but her mental faculties are normal.

—The Rev. Stephen L. Theobald, pastor of St. Peter Claver's Church for the colored at St. Paul for twenty-two years, died in the archiepiscopal city on July 5. Father Theobald, who was one of the three colored priest in the United States, was Born in British Guiana in 1874. After attending college in his native land, he went to Cambridge University in England to take up the study of law. Coming to the United States a few years later, he abandoned law and entered the seminary at St. Paul in 1905. In 1910 the late Archbishop Ireland ordained him to the priesthood. Because of his scholarly attainments, as well as his splendid pastoral record, Father Theobald was held in high esteem.

—A Catholic colored boy, David Johnson, Jr., of New York City, aged seventeen, a graduate of St. Mark's parochial school, has won the gold medal for the highest rating given to any contestant in the New York Music Week Association Contest, which was held on June 19. In 1925 Master Johnson entered the Institute of Musical Art in New York City, where he has been studying the past six years. In 1926 he won a silver and a bronze medal, and in 1930 a silver medal and a pin. His rating this year was 97½. A successful career is predicted for the young man.

—Another trophy for the colored race was won this summer at Opelousas, La., by Lillian Ruby Chenier, a graduate of the Holy Ghost Training School for the colored, which is taught by the colored Sisters of the Holy Family. Miss Chenier received the State prize for the highest average attained in a State contest. Fifty-one schools competed for the prize.

—The Rev. Humilis Zwiesler, O. F. M., Guardian of the Sacred Heart Friary at Indianapolis, died at the age of forty-two. Father Humilis was one of seven children in the same family who had consecrated themselves to God in religion. One brother is Father Angelus, O. F. M., at Teutopolis, Ill. Another is Bro. Edmund, a Trappist, at Gethsemani, Ky. A third is Bro. Ignatius, O. F. M., at Quincy, Ill. The fourth is Bro. Charles, S. M., a teacher in the Chaminade High School at Mineola, L. I. Two sisters are likewise religious. Of these one is Sr. M. Paschalis, a Poor Clare at Chicago, and the other is Sr. M. Angelita, O. S. F., of Oldenburg, Indiana. One brother, William, an engraver, lives with the widowed mother at Dayton, Ohio. The father and three other children preceded Father Humilis in death.

—The Rev. Norbert Oldegeering, O. F. M., who was ordained in June at Oldenburg, Ind., was assisted at his first Mass by his three brothers, who, like himself, are also priests of the Franciscan Order. A similar instance, if we mistake not, occurred in the East, some weeks ago, but the four brothers were Minor Conventuals. The names have escaped us.

### Benedictine

—The National Benedictine Educational Association was held at St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kansas, from July 2 to 5 inclusive. The sessions on the fourth met at Mt. St. Scholastica College, which is conducted by the Benedictine Sisters at Atchison.

—The general chapter of the Congregation of St. Scholastica, which comprises eleven Benedictine convents in the United States, was held in Chicago from June 22 to 24. The Rev. Mother Lucy Dooley, O. S. B., Prioress of Mt. St. Scholastica Convent at Atchison, was reelected president of the Congregation. The declarations and constitutions of the Congregation of St. Scholastica have received their final approbation from the Holy See.

—The Rt. Rev. Bernard Murphy, O. S. B., formerly Abbot of Sacred Heart Abbey, now St. Gregory the Great at Shawnee, Oklahoma, died early in July. Abbot Murphy was born in Savannah, Georgia, May 1, 1858. Joining the French Benedictines of the Primitive Observance, who had a foundation on the Isle of Hope near Savannah, he was professed Feb. 2, 1878. Five years later, on July 11, 1883, he was ordained to the priesthood. When the yellow fever scourge swept over

(Continued on page 181)



?

# KWEERY KORNER

?

REV. HENRY COURTNEY, O. S. B., Editor, St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kan.

## RULES FOR THE QUESTION BOX

Questions must be placed on a separate sheet of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the question.

Questions of a general and public nature only will be answered; particular cases and questions should be taken to pastor or confessor.

No questions will be answered by mail; special answers cannot be given in this column.

All questions will be answered in the order received. Send questions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

**NOTE:**—The questioner from St. Louis would do well to take her case to a good Catholic Doctor. There are many reputable Catholic physicians in your city and the case can be very easily handled.

Regarding the questioner from Green Bay, Wis., the editor of this column would advise that you put your case before any strange confessor. Perhaps it would be well to seek out a priest who is a member of a religious order.

*The young man I intend to marry is to be baptized this fall and has the given name Barry. Is that the name of a Saint, or will he have to change his name when he is baptized?*—Chicago, Ill.

Barry is a Saint's name—in fact, there are two Saints with that name. One, Bishop of Cork, is commemorated in a feast on September 25th.

*Will you please name for me the principal sacraments?*—Indianapolis, Ind.

Gladly. They are: Candles, Holy Water, Palms, Ashes, Rosaries, Medals, and Scapulars. There are, of course, many others, but these are the principal ones.

*When a young man leads a girl astray against holy purity is it only one sin?*—Newark, N. J.

Your question was very splendidly answered some years ago in a magazine for priests. (Hom. Rvw. Nov. '19.) The man that leads astray and ruins a young girl sins not only against purity, but also against justice. Unless he is willing to make reparation for the injury, he is not sincerely repentant and may not be absolved. What the reparation should be, whether marriage or monetary compensation, will depend on circumstances in each case.

*Can you give me some information about Saint Hermione?*—Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Saint Hermoine was a daughter of the Deacon Philip. She was well versed in medicine and cared for the sick for the sake of Christ. She is frequently invoked by nurses and those caring for the ailing.

*What do the letters B. U. J. after a name mean?*—Cincinnati, Ohio.

The letters B. U. J. stand for the Latin words "Baccalaureus utriusque juris," which, translated mean "Bachelor of both (canon and civil) law."

*I am a university student and desire to ask if I may read "The Story of Modern Progress" by Willis Mason West?*—Chicago, Ill.

Whilst the book you ask about is not on the index of forbidden books, at the same time you would do well not to read it. The author is absolutely unjust and decidedly inaccurate as regards all statements made concerning the Catholic Church. His work has been rightly discredited by many historians, amongst them not a few fair-minded Protestant scholars.

*Is the book "The Prophets in the Light of Today" by John Godfrey Hill a reliable work and may it be read by Catholics?*—Kansas City, Kans.

The book you mention is not a reliable work. At the time of its publication it received rather drastic and well-deserved adverse criticism from the better Catholic book reviewers. The book should not be read by the average Catholic reader.

*How many kinds of religious communities are there as regards Canon Law?*—Cleveland, O.

Canon Law recognizes three distinct kinds of religious communities: (1) Diocesan Congregations, which are established by the authority of a Diocesan Bishop; (2) Congregations of Papal Law, that is to say, those approved by the Holy See; and (3) Exempt religious orders, or Orders with solemn vows and Congregations with simple vows which have obtained from the Holy See the privilege of exemption.

*In a historical novel some time ago I read about the "First Fruits of Martyrs" and can find no explanation of the expression. Will you please help me with a bit of information on this matter?*—Detroit, Mich.

The expression "First Fruits of Martyrs" is applied to those Christians who were put to death by Nero after the great fire of Rome.

*I heard someone a short time ago call a certain priest a "Lazarist" and would like to know what he meant?*—Denver, Colo.

The term "Lazarist" is sometimes applied to members of the Congregation of the Mission, because their first house was the College of Saint Lazare at Paris. They are also sometimes called Vincentians, because their foundation was made by Saint Vincent de Paul.

*Could a Catholic baby girl be baptized with the name of Ruby?*—Lawrence, Mass.

Ruby is a Scotch contraction for the name Robina, which, in turn, is a feminine variant form of the name Robert. So it would be permissible to call a girl Ruby.

*Do the sponsors at Baptism contract an impediment towards each other?*—Pekin, Ill.

No, they do not.

*Some time ago I saw a reference to "The Franciscan Robinson Crusoe." Who was he?*—Sedalia, Mo.

Father Peter Fardo has been called "The Franciscan Robinson Crusoe" on account of his striking adventures in Central Africa.

*When was the practise of the Way of the Cross, as we have it in our churches, first begun?*—Evansville, Ind.

After Jerusalem came into the power of the Moslems, the faithful could no longer make the pilgrimage to the sacred places in the Holy Land with safety. In order that the faithful, therefore, might safely perform the devotion of commemorating Christ's sorrowful journey to Calvary and His death, pictures or statuary representing the events of the Way of the Cross were put in the churches. This dates back to Blessed Alvarez, a Dominican, at Cordova in Spain. The practise was adopted by the Franciscans generally about the year 1350, and thence spread to the universal church.

*Is Vivian the name of a man or a woman Saint?*—Kingston, N. Y.

Vivian, as such, is the name of a masculine Saint. The holy Bishop of Saintes, celebrated August 28th, is the best known of that name. Vivian is also given to girls, but in this case the name is a variant form of Viviana, the martyred virgin, whose feast occurs on December 2nd.



## Our Sioux Indian Missions



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

### OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONARIES

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., and Rev. Damian Preske, O. S. B. Mail to St. Michael, N. D. Express and freight via Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B., and Rev. Fintan Baltz, O. S. B. Mail to Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B., and Rev. Hildebrand Elliott, O. S. B. Mail to Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.

### HELPING THE MISSIONS

When our Lord told His Apostles to "Go forth and teach all nations," He had in His mind's eye all the Indians, Negroes, Buddhists, Jews, etc., in the world. It was a tremendous job He gave these twelve men, to permeate the whole world with Christian teaching, like the small cake of yeast which leavens a whole pan of bread dough. Our Lord could have done this job in some easy, miraculous way, had He so wished, but He desired man to have the merit of converting his neighbor, his fellowman. He wanted man to be "about His Father's business," to take this business to heart and make it his own, and in this process of making the business of Almighty God their own, many saints have been made. We read about the different saints who converted various countries, the Fathers who went into savage countries and braved uncivilized peoples, holy men who entered pagan countries where they were forbidden to tread, all in that intrepid spirit which fears nothing when it is for God; and because of this fearlessness, and the love which took Christ's mandate to heart, they received a great reward in Heaven.

To-day, no less than in the Apostles' times, there are still a great many unconverted people on the face of

the earth, and we can safely say, that no one has a better chance for sainthood than those who penetrate among such people, and use up their lives in apostolic works, teaching Christianity to those who know it not. Our Lord looks down with a special love upon all those who have taken His words literally to heart, and have gone forth "teaching all nations"; missionaries are His especial pets, and the poverty-stricken people who are receiving the message of Christianity from these missionaries, are very, very precious in His eyes.

Anyone who helps in this great work of Christianizing pagan peoples, either by sending money or clothing, or by organizing benefit affairs in order to gather funds for the missions, is as much a missionary as if he were out there on the "firing line," doing the work himself, since, without the help of the good people at home, the missions would not be able to carry on at all.

### THE INDIANS' APPALLING POVERTY

Even the poorest people in our cities do not live in such utter poverty as our American Indians. The Indians have a real claim upon us, because we live upon lands that used to be theirs, and their old means of livelihood have all been taken from them. Therefore, missionary work among our Indians should be very dear to our hearts, and we should try to help in whatever way is possible to us.

It is during the winter that the Indians suffer most; they live in their poor huts, often in the middle of the prairie, with no protection whatever from the wild wintry blasts which pile up drifts until they are all but buried in the snow. These huts are made up of just whatever they can find or pick up, and are far from weather-proof. The chinks and cracks are plugged up with bits of rag, mud, or anything that will keep out the wind and snow. There is little or no furniture, and often they must sit on the ground because there are no chairs. They may perhaps possess a broken-down stove, in which they burn twigs or branches that they themselves have to cut down at the river. They think themselves fortunate if they have even green wood to burn. Last winter one Indian even chopped away the porch from his house and burned it in order to keep his wife and baby from freezing, as the snow and cold were such that he could not go to the river to cut wood. Most of the ponies died this last winter, since there was no fodder to give them, because of the drouth and grasshoppers last summer.

When one family has used up all its food and fuel, it moves to its next neighbor, who never refuses



FAN DRILL—PROGRAM FOR THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF BROTHER GILES  
THE SIX PIANISTS RANGE IN AGE FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS

hospitality to the destitute. They all huddle together in one hut, and often stay together indefinitely. During the day the beds are used to sit on, as there are not enough chairs, and at night, those who have no bed, lie down upon the floor, with little or no extra covering. Many of them go to bed with their clothes on, since they have not enough covers to keep out the biting cold. During the night when the fire dies down and the cruel frost creeps in further and further, painting the window in thick, white, glittering designs, as also the door hinges, locks, key, and everything of metal within its reach, then the poor people suffer most. The result is, colds and sicknesses of all kinds, and when spring comes, they emerge like a crowd of gaunt ghosts, hollow-eyed and thin-cheeked, an easy prey to the dread tuberculosis.

#### ST. PAUL'S MISSION

In spring the roads about St. Paul's are all but impassable, a deep mass of sticky gumbo, yet the missionaries must venture out in it when there are sick calls, and frequently the mission car is stuck in the mud somewhere or other. The missionaries generally take a shovel with them on their trips, for they never know when they may be stalled. One day Father Hildebrand had to make a sick call clear into Nebraska, one hundred miles away, and the roads were at their worst. Only the main highways are improved, but the missionary is called into many highways and byways, most of them unimproved. But this does not stop him. On the first of April it was still cold enough to need good fires, and coal waiting on the railroad tracks had to be hauled over these bad roads to the Mission. It was a hard job.

Three Indian children were brought in from North Dakota. They had no one to care for them and nowhere to stay, so Father Sylvester made room for them in his mission.

#### COMPOSITION BY ARLENE McLAUGHLIN, SIXTH GRADE

##### IMMACULATE CONCEPTION MISSION

It was a beautiful day in May. The meadow larks were singing gaily. Sister Margaret, teacher of the little ones, remarked: "It's such a lovely day, almost too nice to go to school." Then the bell rang, and we were ordered to go to the front steps; our hearts quaked a little, not knowing what was in store for us. But suddenly the door opened, and dear Sister Mary Ann, our Superior, came out. Then we knew it was not a scolding we were in for, for we all love our Mother. She smiled at us and said, "Children, I am going to tell you a secret if you promise to be good." Of course, we all cried out, "Yes, Sister!" Then she continued, "We are going to have a grand picnic down at the river!" We are so stunned with joy that for a moment we said not a word. Then we recovered our speech and shouted, "Thank you, Sister!" and began

scurrying in all directions. "Hurry with your work and be ready by nine o'clock," called Sister after us—and did we hurry?

Two trucks and some cars pulled up outside, and the boys piled in one and the girls in the other. But there were too many of us: one truck had to come back for the rest of the children and the "eats." We had a lot of fun going those twenty miles, even if it was rough and bumpy. We played and ate pop corn until dinner time—and did it taste good out there in the open! Just as we finished the last bite of dinner, the ferryboat landed, and Father Justin called out: "Come on, everybody, for a boat ride!" In a few minutes the ferry was full of boys and girls, and, puff! puff! we were off. We gazed at the water and told stories, and did we enjoy that ride! When we came back we had lemonade and played again until a little after six, when we got into the trucks and cars again and headed for home. On the way we raced one of the cars, a Ford; it gained on us several times but we beat it each time; then we came to a hill, and did we laugh when the boys had to get out and push their old tired Ford up the hill. We clapped and clapped, but suddenly the old tin came up and passed us, and then it was the boys' turn to laugh. But our heavily loaded truck got home at last, and we were all jolly and very happy. We will remember this picnic for a long, long time.

#### ST. MICHAEL'S MISSION

Father Ambrose writes that while the past winter was quite mild up to January, after that there was plenty of snow and low temperature. Fires have to be kept up until the 1st of June, as a rule. During January Father Damian went to St. Meinrad in his Ford. On the way he encountered sleet; the road being increasingly slippery, he skidded and rolled over into a ditch. He was not injured, but his car was badly battered and had to be taken to a repair shop. On his return trip, he had to sleep one night in a district schoolhouse; not being prepared for this emergency, he had to use "a block of stove wood for a pillow and a 'lively imagination' for a blanket," as Father Ambrose puts it. This was far from pleasant, as we may imagine, in such cold weather, but he was 150 miles from the Mission and the roads were too bad to navigate at night.

#### *Correct Interpretation*

(Continued from page 160)

rary will be the real incentive. And usually a member of the same profession, a kindred spirit, will make the best interpreter; that is, a clergyman for a clergyman; an artist for an artist; a poet for a poet; and an inventor for an inventor. Correct interpretation—that is what the world needs.





## CHILDREN'S CORNER

AGNES BROWN HERING

### MARY'S ASSUMPTION

Who cometh up from the desert,  
And on her Beloved doth lean!  
Exult! O Courts of the Blessed,  
And welcome to Heaven thy Queen!

Israel's Lily, she cometh!  
The glory and joy of our race;  
Immaculate, uncorrupted;  
To reign as the Mother of Grace!

Swing open pearl-studded portals!  
Her scepter and coronal bring!  
With "Salve Regina!" "Ave!"  
Let the earth and the Heavens ring!

"Regina Coeli!" acclaim her,  
To God's Virgin Mother give praise;  
And honor whom the King loveth  
To honor, through unending days!

—XAVERIA MACDONALD.

### SPIRITUAL SIGNPOSTS

Some writer has said that the sacraments are the spiritual signposts that God has placed along life's highway to guide the soul. You know that when one is traveling one must heed the signs placed along the highway lest he encounter great difficulties and perhaps lose his life. And in this day of highways and automobiles everyone knows how useful these signposts are at the cross roads.

If one does not heed the spiritual signposts that God has set for him, he may easily fall into sin that will have as its final result the loss of his soul.

There are seven sacraments which God has given to us in order to help us save our souls. What would the world be like without these sacraments? Can you imagine?

The first and most necessary is baptism, for without baptism we could not enter heaven. We have the testimony of Christ for this. He said to Nicodemus: "Unless a man be born again of water and of the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." These words show us how important baptism is.

Without penance or confession we could never get the mortal sins off our souls (except by perfect contrition in case we could not confess).

Without the Holy Eucharist our souls would starve for want of spiritual food, for Jesus says: "Except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man... You shall not

have life. He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath everlasting life: and I will raise him up on the last day."

Without Confirmation, which makes us strong and perfect Christians and soldiers of Jesus Christ, we should be very weak and much less able to resist temptation and battle against evil.

Without Matrimony men and women would never receive the blessings that God showers down on married people. It is the grace of the sacrament that helps them to love each other and be faithful until death.

Without Extreme Unction people would die without God's special help and blessing. "Is any man sick among you?" asks St. James, and he says: "Let him bring in the priests of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord... The prayer of faith shall save the sick man, and if he be in sins they shall be forgiven him."

Without Holy Orders there would be no priests, and if there were no priests there would never be any Holy sacrifice of the Mass, no Holy Communion, no sacraments.

But God did give us all of these helps in the holy sacraments. If we use the sacraments rightly, they will serve as a ladder by means of which we can climb to Heaven.

We may call the Sacraments a ladder, if we wish, or a rope. We must get a firm footing on the ladder or hold tightly to the rope, if we really desire to be saved. Our lives are filled with dangerous temptations, there are snares at every corner and pitfalls in every path. To be sure we have our Guardian Angel to watch over us and to pray for us, but unless we do all we can to help ourselves we need not look for help from him.

What about non-Catholic boys and girls you say, who have no ladder and rope to help them climb?

Well, they are not to blame, are they? It is true their chances are rather slim. Without baptism and the other sacraments and with little or no knowledge of God, they are to be pitied. Thank God that these great benefits have been bestowed on you and pray for those who are less fortunate that they also may receive the light of faith.

### THE SACRAMENTS OF THE DEAD

There are two sacraments that are called sacraments of the dead. Now this does not mean that dead persons receive these sacraments, of course not! But it means



that they take away sin which is the death of the soul, and give grace, which is its life.

If a child should fall into a deep well, so deep that he couldn't get out, he would shout and call for help, and if no one came to help him out he would surely die.

In a similar way, when a child falls into mortal sin, if he receives no help to climb back to the state of grace, he is spiritually dead.

When a child is born, he has original sin on his soul, and he is spiritually dead, but when he receives baptism, original sin disappears. By *original sin* we mean the *loss of the right to heaven*. When the child is born, it has no right to heaven until it receives baptism, when this right is restored, or given back. Baptism, then, is the ladder which helps the soul to climb out of the deep pit of sin.

Suppose a child should die without baptism, what would happen? God has prepared a place called Limbo where the souls of the unbaptized are sent. They suffer no pain, but they never see the face of God. The happiness of heaven consists in seeing God face to face.

#### MOTHERS

God, be kind to mothers  
With cookie jars to fill,  
And funny lullabies to sing,  
When dusk blows down the hill.  
Who scrub small children's faces  
When early school bells ring,  
And let a boy bring puppies home,  
Or bugs, or anything.

God, be kind to mothers  
When it is candle time,  
And children's rounded voices  
Say prayers in ordered rhyme.  
May there be special blessings  
At night, when houses sleep,  
On all the mothers everywhere  
Who have child hearts to keep.

HELEN WELCHIMER, in N. Y. *World Telegram*.

#### HOLY COMMUNION

In Holy Communion you receive Jesus. He comes to you body and blood, soul and divinity.

You cannot see Him with your eyes, you cannot hear Him with your ears, but if you listen, your soul will tell you that Jesus is in your heart.

Before you receive Holy Communion, you must be sure that there is no grievous sin on your soul.

Big sins are washed away in confession, and little sins are washed away by telling God you are sorry, that is, by contrition.

You must be sure that you have not eaten nor drunk anything since midnight.

You must get your soul ready by thinking of God and praying to Him. You can imagine that you see Jesus coming down from Heaven with His angels. He really is coming to you—that part is not imagination. You may imagine that you can really see Him.

Or if you like, you may imagine that you are one

of the special friends seated with Him at the table of the Last Supper.

Perhaps you would rather think of Him as the little Babe at Christmas time, or a little Child just as big as you.

And when you think of Him, say to Him: "Come, O dear Jesus, come into my heart. Deliver it from all its evils. Enrich it with all thy goods. It desires ardently to receive you. Amen."

"Praised and adored be without end, Jesus our love in the most Holy Sacrament."

"I love Thee, Jesus my love, with my whole heart; I am sorry for ever having offended thee; grant that I may love Thee always, and then do with me what Thou wilt."

When it is time to receive Holy Communion, you join your hands and walk quietly to the Communion rail. Kneel down with bowed head, and when it is your turn to receive, raise your head and put out your tongue on your lower lip. When Jesus (the Sacred Host) rests on your tongue pray as hard as you can. You must not look around. Swallow the Sacred Host quietly and return to your seat. Jesus is in your heart. He wants to hear what you have to say to Him. Tell Him: "I love Thee, Jesus my love, with my whole heart. I repent of ever having offended Thee. Grant that I may love Thee always."

Ask Him for all the things you need.

After you receive Holy Communion, do not be like some ungrateful persons who leave the church at once and never stop to say 'Thank You' to Jesus.

Say the things that your heart tells you to say, and then open your prayer book and read the prayers you find to be said after receiving Holy Communion.

Never go to Holy Communion with a big sin on your soul, but never stay away for a little sin. Tell God you are very sorry for the little sins and that you will try to do better, and then receive Him in Holy Communion.

Never touch the Sacred Host with your fingers. If it sticks to your mouth, loosen it with your tongue and swallow it.

Receive Jesus just as often as you can, every day if possible.

August 15th is the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The feast is a holy day of obligation, which should be observed the same as Sunday by attending holy Mass, (receiving Holy Communion, if possible) and by abstaining from servile work. The day preceding this feast is always a fast day, unless it is a Sunday, which is the case this year.

#### A LULLABY

The stars have hung their cradles in a row across the sky,  
The sandman's walking by on weary feet,  
The moon is growing weary and is covering up her head

With clouds that she has rolled into a sheet.  
The gypsy fires are dying and a wandering violin

Is tangled in the wind—it's going to rain,  
And crooked little goblins made of creepy, scary signs  
Are running up and down the window pane.

It's time for little children to put dream-sand in their  
eyes,

It's very much too dark to stay awake,  
Slumberland has trees whose leaves are made from  
lollypops

That never give a dream-child stomach ache.

The fairy drums are sounding where the sleep parade  
begins,

The Shut-Eye Lady's waiting with her court,  
Close your funny eyelids and lie still—so very still—  
Honey-child, the dreamtime's growing short!

(Selected.)

### LETTER BOX

MY DEAR AUNT AGNES,

To-day (June 20) we went to school to get our credits, but school closed last Wednesday. I received all my credits, that is, for Religion, English, History, Geometry, and Shorthand.

I am sixteen years of age and will be a Senior in September at Saint Charles Borromeo High School in Detroit, Michigan.

Last Monday, I attended the Junior-Senior Banquet given of course by the former class, of which I am proud to be a member. We had our banquet in the auditorium, under the church. Every year, as far as I can remember, the hall was decorated with crepe paper, but we, the class of '33 wanted to be individual—original. So our loved teacher, Sister M. Alexander, I. H. M. (Immaculate Heart of Mary), suggested an outdoor scene. Of course, all of us agreed. In November, our honorable class president, Miss Alice De Voy, suggested that we pay a dues of ten cents a week, to raise money for our banquet. Each month, thereafter, we gave two parties, for which one of the members of the class would offer the use of his home and serve refreshments; admission was twenty-five cents. We also sold pop corn to the Grammar Grades and by the end of May, Aunt Agnes, we had over \$100.00 deposited in the bank. Everyone marvelled at the remarkable way our small class, which consists of only six boys and thirteen girls, raised the money.

On June 13, the grand feast took place. As I told you before, it was to be an outdoor scene. At either end of the long, graceful-looking tables were imaginary gardens. We owe our sincere thanks and appreciation to Sears & Roebuck, who gladly gave us two bird baths and some lattice work, to the Virginia Flower Shop, who gave us the cocoa bark and palm plants.

Roses hung everywhere. Palms and plants of all description disguised the bare columns of the hall, while strung on Christmas lights were Japanese Lanterns of pastel shades. To describe the beauty of such a scene in words would require the work and assistance of a poet. For favors, Aunt Agnes, we gave small celluloid dolls dressed as graduates. Since their class colors were old-rose and silver, the boys received dolls

dressed in silver and the girls, dolls dressed in old-rose crepe paper. Besides these favors, every guest was given their class flower, a beautiful American Beauty Rose.

There were ten toasts, the last of which was the Address to Graduates, by our beloved pastor, Reverend Father Hewlett.

The president of the Senior Class, Miss Elizabeth Penet, who attained an average of 99% all through her four years of high school, won a scholarship to Marygrove College, a girls college taught by the I. H. M. Sisters. She also received a \$15 cash prize in a Latin Contest here.

I hope this letter has not bored you, Aunt Agnes. I would be glad to hear from some of my Cousins about my age.

With love and success to the Corner, also many new members,

I am your new niece,

Margaret T. Latchney.

9204 Van Dyke, Detroit, Michigan.

P. S. I hope to see my letter published and possibly win a button. M. T. L.

DEAR MARGARET: Thank you for your lovely letter. A Fidelity Button has been forwarded to you. Please write again, and use double space. That is a rule when writing for publication. AUNT AGNES.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

It certainly seems as if "Ole Man Depression" has hit THE LETTER BOX as hard as he could. It's been so long since I've seen a letter in the Grail that I almost began to think the days of the Letter Box were over. And then came your plea for letters.

Vacation "daze" is here again and as usual I try to loaf the time away in as interesting a manner as possible—which is a job in itself, as I'm just about fed-up on this "do-nothing" age. My school days seem to be over as I was graduated in '31 from T. C. H. S., and college seems rather remote. However, this past year I took a postgraduate course in English and a beginner's course in Chemistry up at High. I'm afraid Science has two new martyrs, now—my teacher and I. Chemistry seemed to be my Waterloo and the "prof" vainly endeavored to pound, drill, or hammer some facts in these inches of grey matter called brain. I'm sorry to say he wasn't any too successful.

Last summer at this time I was returning from that wonderful eastern trip. Those were the good old days. Washington is a marvelous city and all who can should see it.

Aunt Agnes, I don't believe I've ever thanked the Corner for my lovely pen-pals whom I met through the Grail. My first letter to the magazine was several years ago, in fact it was in about 1925. Ever since then I have written to a girl in Australia who is a very interesting correspondent. At one time I had over fifteen pen-pals but you know how it is. Gradually I ceased to write but I still have three good pals—the girl from Australia, one from Conn., and one from

New Jersey. And now that I have nothing to do I would like for some of the old (or new) Cornerites to drop me a line and they may be sure I'll answer.

Which reminds me, why don't some of the Cornerites drop the Letter Box a line? I know that I haven't much to "brag" about, but I do write *once in awhile*.

Well, Aunt Agnes, I hope this young "newspaper" will frighten away Ole Man Depression and will bring me the two buttons as I have never received the promised "B-Z-B."

Hoping the Letter Box overflows very soon, I remain,

An old Cornerite,

M. Alice Lautner.

425 Ninth Street, Tell City, Indiana.

### OUR LADY'S PASSING

She did not die as others do: her spirit did not blench,  
There was no dole within her soul, no struggle, shock,  
or wrench;

Like light within a crystal vase, that soul illumed her  
clay,

Till Christ, her own, came from His throne and bore  
the light away.

They buried her within a tomb e'en as they buried Him,  
And, lo! around that hallowed ground thronged myriad  
cherubim;

To music such as earth ne'er heard save on blest  
Christmas night,

All Heaven's choirs attuned their lyres, full glad in  
death's despoite.

Three days the music lasted, lightening still the Apostles' gloom,

And scarce had ceased when from the East came  
Thomas to the tomb;

He oped it wide but found it bare, no crystal vase  
seen,—

Beyond the sky to Christ on high had angels borne  
their Queen.

ARTHUR BARRY in *The Ave Maria*.

### EXCHANGE SMILES

"What time does the next train come in?" asked Edward, aged six, of the old rural station agent.

"Why, you little rascal, I've told you five times before it comes in at 4:44."

"I know it," replied Edward, "but I like to see your whiskers wobble when you say '4:44.'"

"Papa, is this a camel's hair brush?"

"Yes, my child, that's a camel's hair brush."

"Golly, papa it must take him a terrible long time to brush himself."

"Mother, are you the nearest relative I've got?" asked Ethel.

"Yes, dear, and your father is the closest."

### Notes of Interest

(Continued from page 174)

the Isle of Hope, the deceased and a fellow religious were the only members of the community to survive. (The Isle of Hope is now administered to by the Benedictines of Sacred Heart Church in Savannah.) After his escape from the yellow fever, Father Bernard went to Oklahoma at the request of the Rt. Rev. Isidore Robot, O. S. B., who was then Prefect Apostolic of Indian Territory. There he is said to have taught in the first Catholic school in that region; he also helped to build the first abbey in that frontier land. Of this Abbey he was elected second Abbot on Feb. 23, 1905. But after holding office for four and a half years he resigned on Sept. 7, 1909, and was named Titular Abbot of the Holy Cross of Bordeaux. An invalid for many years, Abbot Murphy died of paralysis. The funeral was held on July 7. The deceased is not to be confused with Abbot Bernard Murphy, O. S. B., of Mount Angel in Oregon.

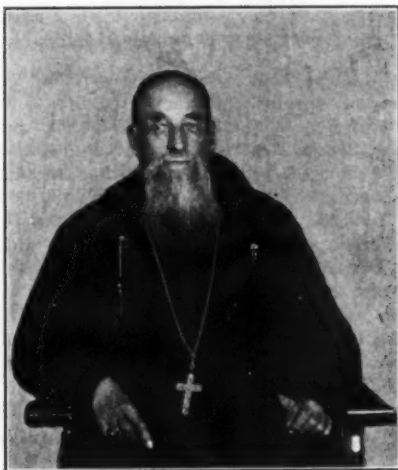
—According to the N. C. W. C. News Service the Catholic University of Peking has increased its usefulness by the addition of a medical faculty. Among the professors of the new faculty are Dr. Stephen Gajdos, of the Royal University, Budapest; Dr. Joseph Cheng, of Louvain University; and three doctors who are graduates of German universities. Moreover, the Chancellor of the University, Dom Francis Clougherty, O. S. B., has announced that the University has acquired the Central Hospital (Chung Yang) of Peking, which will serve as a polyclinic for the new medical school. Lo Pa Hong, prominent Catholic philanthropist of Shanghai, is director of the hospital. French Sisters of Charity are in charge.

—The Abbot-Ordinary of St. Peter's Abbey, Saskatchewan, Canada, the Rt. Rev. Severin Gertken, O. S. B., celebrated Pontifical High Mass on the occasion of his silver jubilee as priest at St. John's Abbey in Minnesota on June 14. Two brothers of the jubilarian, Fathers Norbert and Innocent, both of St. John's Abbey, served as deacon and subdeacon respectively. Among other relatives present were the jubilarian's aged mother and his seven sisters. The latter are all Benedictines in the neighboring convent of St. Benedict at St. Joseph, Minn.

—Word comes from St. Odile in Germany that the Rev. Conrad Rapp, O. S. B., Proprefect of the Prefecture Apostolic of Yenki in Manchuria, was slain by bandits in June. Only a few days previously two of the fellow missionaries of the deceased, Fathers Engelbert Mueller, O. S. B., and Sylvester Aschoff, O. S. B., had been carried off by typhus at Dalingtung, Father Conrad, who had been on the missions seven years, was a native of Germany. Relatives by the same name live at Louisville, Ky.

—On July 11, feast of the Solemnity of St. Benedict, thirty-one Sisters made their perpetual vows during Pontifical High Mass at St. Benedict's Convent.





*The Rt. Rev. Athanasius Schmitt, O. S. B.*

*(Continued from page 149)*

Up to September, 1887, when the Abbey and the school connected therewith were gutted by a destructive fire, St. Meinrad College had been educating boys for secular pursuits as well as training candidates for the priesthood. For the school year that opened with 1887 the College was transferred to Ferdinand, while the Seminary classes were conducted in the village of St. Meinrad. In 1889 Jasper College, now Jasper Academy, was opened for such as had no thought of studying for the priesthood. Father Athanasius was placed in charge of the new institution, a position that he held until September, 1895, when he became rector of St. Meinrad Seminary. Then, on March 16, 1898, he was chosen Abbot to succeed the saintly Abbot Fintan Mundwiler, who had died on Feb. 14, 1898. The election having been confirmed by the Holy See on May 12, the Solemn Benediction took place on June 15, 1898, the Most Rev. Francis S. Chatard, Bishop of Indianapolis, officiating.

A great task lay before the new Abbot. A heavy debt hung over the Abbey. This was liquidated and a neat sum lay in the treasury for future needs when he handed over the reins to his successor. In the meantime, however, he had not been idle. This is shown by the beautiful stone church that he erected within nine years after his installation. Then followed the construction of the library, a four and a half story fireproof structure. The next major project was the Seminary, which greets the visitor as he comes up over the hill from the highway.

With all his building activities Abbot Athanasius did not neglect the community over which he held sway. The community increased in numbers, good discipline was maintained, the monastic choir was kept up and improved, and other monastic practices were not neg-

lected. Those who spent these fruitful years under Abbot Athanasius can look back with satisfaction on these three decades and more of progress.

As he advanced in age the years of incessant labor began to tell upon him. Feeling that he could no longer carry on in his enfeebled condition, Abbot Athanasius besought the Holy See to grant him the privilege of retiring from active duty and having the assistance of a Coadjutor. He did not tender his resignation. The petition being granted, the chapter assembled on March 11, 1930, and elected the Rev. Ignatius Esser, rector of the College, to the office of Coadjutor with the right of succession. At the death of Abbot Athanasius, the Rt. Rev. Abbot Coadjutor Ignatius succeeded as fourth Abbot of St. Meinrad.

While many Masses have already been offered up for the repose of the soul of our beloved father—each priest of the Abbey offers up five Masses apiece, and each priest of our Congregation (nearly 200) offers up two Masses apiece, besides thirty Gregorian Masses offered up by the community—we beg our readers to join their prayers to ours in supplicating the Heavenly Father to grant him eternal rest.

### *Father Clement Klingel, O. S. B.*

Fortified by the sacraments of Holy Mother Church, Father Clement Klingel, O. S. B., passed from this vale of tears to life beyond the grave at St. Anthony Hospital, Louisville, Ky., shortly after midnight in the early morning of July 8. In the afternoon of the same day the remains were brought to St. Anthony, Ind., where the deceased had been pastor a little over thirty-three years. There a Solemn Requiem was celebrated on the following morning by Father Celestine Sander, O. S. B., a cousin of the deceased, who is chaplain of the convent at Ferdinand. Father Basil Heusler, O. S. B., pastor at Jasper, who had preached the sermon at Father Clement's first Mass was now called upon to preach the funeral sermon. In the afternoon of the next day a large concourse of people followed the remains of their beloved pastor and benefactor to St. Meinrad. The funeral took place from the Abbey Church on the morning of July 11. At 9 o'clock the Office of the Dead was chanted and at 9:45 a Pontifical Requiem was celebrated by Father Abbot Ignatius. The services at the cemetery were conducted by Father Prior. A large delegation came from St. Anthony to pay their last respects to one who had been their beloved pastor for so many years.

Father Clement was born at Jasper, Ind., Sept. 19, 1869. As a boy of twelve he came to St. Meinrad College to prepare for the priesthood. Desiring to consecrate himself to God as a religious, he entered the novitiate at St. Meinrad a few weeks before the destructive fire of Sept. 2, 1887, which reduced our monastic home to a state of ruins. On Aug. 15, 1888, he was professed as a Benedictine. Nearly five years later, March 18, 1893, the order of priesthood was conferred upon him with the other members of his class at Indianapolis. From the time of his ordination until



late in the autumn of 1897 Father Clement taught in the College, directed the Abbey Concert Band, took an active interest in dramatics, and was editor of the college paper, the *Alma Mater*, which he converted into the *Monthly Visitor*, making it a magazine for the family circle. But his activities at the Abbey were cut short by poor health.

The writer of these lines recalls with pleasure the few short weeks that he spent under Father Clement's direction in third-year Latin and English up to the end of November, 1897, when the energetic and gifted professor had to lay aside schoolbooks and betake himself to a milder climate.

Somewhat improved in health by a sojourn of a little more than two years in southwestern Texas, Father Clement returned to Indiana. Early in 1899 he was given charge of the small parish at St. Anthony, where he remained quietly, unobserved by the rest of the world, greatly loved by his people, and rightly so, for he manifested prudent interest in their temporal as well as their spiritual affairs. In the first years of his pastorate he was instrumental in having a flour mill established. Living in a farming community, he later made a study of the soil, and of the crops and fruits best adapted thereto. His greatest success seems to have been with strawberries. Recent publications have referred to him as the "Strawberry King." During the season just past a carload or two of choice berries were shipped each day from St. Anthony to the distant markets in Chicago, New York, and other important cities.

But Father Clement's lifework was drawing to an end. Early in April of the present year he went to the hospital, where he fought a losing battle with cancer that had struck root in the left nostril. Despite all the efforts of the best physicians and surgeons, the dread disease could not be arrested. Slowly, but gradually, the tentacles of the monster reached out and entwined themselves about the vital parts of their victim, until they had liberated the spirit from the prison of the flesh. After much suffering, borne with patience and resignation, the beloved father of his flock, mourned by all who knew him, was called to his reward by the Good Shepherd. God grant him eternal rest!

### *Abbey and Seminary*

—An oppressive heat wave hung over the land in July. For several weeks the mercury hovered near the hundred mark.

—Father Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., came early in July from the Little Flower School at St. Michael's Indian Mission near Devils Lake, N. D., to make his retreat and to attend the golden jubilee of Sister Hedwig, O. S. B., at Ferdinand, who is a sister of his. Sister Bernardine, O. S. B., of the same community, is also a sister of our Indian missionary. A third sister, the eldest of the three, Sr. Evangelista, O. S. B., died in 1889.

—While the vacation gradually climbed the ladder to

the top and began its downward path, the remodeling in the old college building went merrily on blow for blow. Extensive alterations have been undertaken.

—On July 21 Bro. Alexius, our registered nurse, was taken to the hospital in Louisville to submit to an operation for appendicitis on the following day. In the days that immediately followed he experienced considerable pain.

—Father Abbot was invited to celebrate Pontifical High Mass at Oldenburg, Indiana, on July 26, when a number of Franciscan Sisters celebrated their diamond, golden, and silver jubilees respectively. Among the latter was Sister Rose Aloysia, Father Abbot's sister, and Sister Euphrasia, the only sister of Bro. "Ben-Joe," who has been the faithful porter of the Abbey for many years. The good Brother accompanied Father Abbot to Oldenburg to be with his sister on the joyful occasion.

—Because of long-continued poor health Father Odilo, pastor at Ferdinand, is spending the summer at St. Anthony's Hospital in Louisville.

—Fathers Thomas McCarthy and R. Garland O'Neill, College '17-'22, both instructors in the Latin School at Covington, Ky., made their retreat at the Abbey in mid-July when the heat was at its best. Father Edward Klostermann, Seminary '04-'05, pastor of the Mother of God Church in Covington, accompanied the retreatants to St. Meinrad for a visit.

—On July 10, two young men of last year's Fifth Class in the College, Bernard Bordenet, of Washington, Ind., and John Score, of Louisville, Ky., returned to enter the novitiate. After a preparatory retreat these young men will be clothed in the habit of St. Benedict on August 5, the feast of Our Lady of the Snows. On the following morning a class of seven will pronounce their first vows.

—At Solemn High Mass on July 10, feast of Our Lady of Einsiedeln, Bro. Meinrad made his perpetual vows. Two weeks later he returned to the St. Paul Indian Mission at Marty, S. D., where he has spent the past two years. He accompanied Father Ambrose who was returning to the Devils Lake region in North Dakota.

—The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Simon P. Weisinger, class of '77, pastor of the St. John Evangelist Church in Columbus, the oldest priest in the Diocese of Columbus, Ohio, died on June 26. Father Pius Boehm, O. S. B., if we mistake not, is the only priest of the class of '77 who still survives, and his health in the past several years has at times been rather precarious.

—Another alumnus to go to his reward recently was the Rev. Aloysius J. Roell, College '93-'95, pastor of Sacred Heart Church, Bellevue, Ky., who died early in July.

—The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Francis Henry, class of '87, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Topeka, Kansas, died on July 19. Monsignor Henry, who was a native of Louisville, Ky., was a classmate of the late Father Dominic Barthel, O. S. B., and a number of other Louisville boys of whom Father George A. Weiss, pastor of St. George's Church, Louisville, is now the sole survivor.

R. I. P.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

## On the Crest of the Wave

CHAPTER XXIV—FORTUNE SMILES UPON EILEEN

RONALD had thought that nothing mattered any more after seeing Madeline with Gentleman Joe in such a pleasant, intimate attitude toward each other. He thought that ended everything, but he discovered that beneath all his grief, he still had some sort of vague hope; what it was he scarce knew, but he found out what it was after the shock of finding Madeline gone from the office. For that was the second shock, he having been hoping against hope that there might still be some explanation of Madeline's association with the gangster. Although he was going to take Eileen to the golf tournament, his mind was not on her.

He re-entered his office after the talk with his father, and sat down at his desk with his arms folded upon it and his eyes staring at the green desk pad. Suddenly he reached for the telephone, and then hesitated in the act of lifting the receiver. For several minutes he held the instrument while debating whether to try calling Madeline's boarding house or not. There were two sides to the question: "What good will it do?" asked one side. "Well, the least you could do is to give the girl a chance to explain." "And what if there is no satisfactory explanation?" "Then you'd know for certain." Back and forth swung the pendulum, until, acting on an impulse he could not resist, he called the operator and gave Madeline's number.

He was surprised to notice that the hand that held the receiver was actually trembling while he waited for his number; but it did not last long. He was told that Madeline had paid her bill and left with her luggage the day before; no one knew where she had gone. He put down the receiver with a feeling of deadness in his heart—as if a newly dug grave had just been filled in with earth. Rising, he reached for his hat and went downstairs to his waiting car. After all, he knew now that he would have encountered nothing but antagonism had he tried to marry Madeline, a fact that he had not realized before, and probably would not have paid any attention to had not this occurred. His nature, honest and loyal, moved him, in all fairness, to give Madeline the benefit of the doubt; he was always slow to believe wrong of anyone, but two facts he could not ignore—the gangster and the ring. Every time he tried to excuse her, he was faced

by them, and his mind was tired of running up against a stone wall. Why try to pursue a path all beset with difficulties? Why not marry Eileen, please his father and be done with it?

He had arrived at this point when, touching his foot to the starter, he set off in his car to call for Eileen. She was radiantly beautiful, and all prepared to be a balm for his sore heart. Dressed in a white silk crepe sports frock, with white shoes, purse, gloves and knitted openwork cap of white wool, she was a picture to behold, and Ronald admitted to himself that if his heart were not so badly damaged, he might be moved by the sight. As it was, however, his heart was completely numb, although he tried to smile pleasantly and disguise what he really felt.

"Well!" she cried, entering the car and seating herself beside him. "You're looking very fit this morning."

"Am I?" he queried. "But I'm not feeling any too fit."

"No?" The fact was, she was still uneasy—was uneasy all night and morning, and being unable to wait longer, she plunged into the subject at once. "Didn't your—friend, try to explain about yesterday?"

"Explain? Oh—ah, why no; she's gone. Left, bag and baggage."

"No! Wasn't she in the office this morning?" He shook his head in the negative.

"Dad found out about things somehow, called her on the carpet and fired her; she left without waiting for her pay check." Eileen had it on the top of her tongue to cry out "Good riddance!" but in her new rôle of gentle soother, she knew she must not take that attitude.

"Oh!" she said, sorrowfully, "that's too bad!" But Ronald was not deceived; he looked at her sidewise and laughed.

"Don't try to tell me you're sorry," he countered. "Come on, confess now; you're tickled to death, aren't you?"

"Now, Ron, I'm not completely heartless, you know."

"Let's hope not, I called up her boarding house this morning, and they told me she'd paid her bill and left with her luggage for parts unknown." It was exactly what Eileen wanted to know.

"Oh, has she left town?"

"I couldn't say. The Pater gave me a good drubbing this morning."

"About what?"

"About hiring 'denizens of the underworld' into his office. If that's what she really is, then she certainly had me bluffed. Honestly, I've never met a finer girl. I still can't believe it."

"Poor Ron!" said Eileen, concealing her anger. "Appearances do often deceive one, and such people are very clever, you know. Why, we rub shoulders with them every day and don't know it. Some of the best-dressed people on our downtown streets are 'denizens of the underworld' and we don't know it."

"Yes, I guess you're right, but still—"

"But still—that doesn't salve the wound, does it? But I thought surely she would explain herself out of it to you, anyway."

"You forget she doesn't know I saw her."

"Which makes it all the worse. Evidently she didn't intend explaining anything."

"Let's not talk about it," he said, with hurt eyes fixed on the road.

"Just as you like, Ron," she replied gently, placing her arm along the back of his seat and devouring him with her eyes. He must have felt their force, for he turned, looked at her and looked away again. A sudden impulse seized him. Why not?

"Do you know what Dad told me this morning?" he asked, looking straight ahead.

"No! What is it?"

"He said that if I should take it into my head to marry you, I had his unqualified approval." She blushed furiously and her heart pounded so it hurt. Now that she came face to face with the thing she had labored for so long, she was frightened.

"Oh—oh, why—he said that? What an old dear he is." He always was fond of me."

"He said further, that he and your father had planned our marriage when we were both little."

"Yes, Daddy told me about that."

"Would you be game?"

"Game?" What a queer proposal of marriage, she thought. No, she wanted the conventional question. She got it.

"Will you marry me?"

"I've always loved you, Ron," she confessed. Would he stop the car and park at the side of the road? It was what she wanted him to do, but he only increased his speed.

"I know it," he replied, "and I guess for that reason I couldn't place myself in better hands. Could I?" He still would not look at her. She was disappointed.

"There's nothing on earth I wouldn't do for you, Ron."

"Then it's settled. When is it to be?" This was breath-taking. She had not expected things to move so fast after the removal of her rival.

"Oh, Ron, I'd have to have time to get ready. Two or three months, at least."

"Oh, let's not have any fuss. Quick and quiet, and then run off somewhere—to Europe maybe for six months or so."

"That would be lovely, but—couldn't we make it

September? We could announce it at once, and then I'd have time to get ready. A girl remembers her wedding day for the rest of her life, you know, and if it isn't just right, she does not feel happy about it."

"All right, make it September. But can't we dispense with the fuss and frills?"

"Well, we must have a nuptial Mass anyway, and it might as well be a High Mass. I don't favor Low Masses for weddings. We're being married for the first time, and we have nothing to hide, so we may as well have all the trappings." Ronald sighed.

"Oh, well, have it your way. I knew I was going to be in for it." They arrived at the Country Club, and sat talking awhile after parking, although the tournament had already begun. She felt chagrined because he seemed so cold and casual about it, while she was inwardly fluttering and throbbing, just as any girl is after receiving a proposal of marriage from the man she loves best. But these were the first fruits of her triumph over Madeline—the hard-won battle in which she felt it was right to use fair means or foul—and this was her first taste of the bitter herb of disappointment which was to flavor every cup of joy she was henceforth to put to her lips.

"I can't wait to tell Mother and Daddy!" she enthused, locking her hands around his arm. He merely looked at her and then wiped the perspiration from his forehead wearily. It was a warm day.

"I wish it could be to-morrow, so we could hop a boat and get away from all this," he replied. Still the casual, unloverlike attitude. It piqued her.

"Ron, aren't you going to—" she began.

"Going to what?"

"You haven't—sealed our betrothal—" She leaned closer to him, but he suddenly extricated his arm and waved it.

"Here comes Joe! Hi, Joe!" as a young man resplendent in flannels approached.

"Hey, you two!" replied the Joe individual. "The moon won't be out until to-night! Why aren't you watching the game?"

"We just arrived," replied Ronald. "How's it coming?"

"Wilson's ahead! Talbot's not so good, he seems nervous."

"Shall we go?" asked Ronald, opening the door for Eileen. There was nothing else to do but alight and walk with Joe and her fiancé toward the crowd surrounding the golf players. She let the two men do the talking, walking silently between them. She was trying to be happy over her engagement, but somehow, her happiness was dulled. Oh, well, she argued with herself, give him time; he'll get over it. Half a loaf was better than none.

They lunched at the clubhouse after the game, and there was not much time for confidences, since someone or other was always coming to their table and talking, and new arrivals were constantly coming in. She and Ronald knew everyone, and she was bursting to tell her girl friends of her conquest, but she knew her mother would insist upon a formal announcement.



They spent the day at the club, reached home at seven, changed to evening attire, and then went out again until the small hours of the morning. The parents, of course, were told, and both sides were delighted. The announcement was to be made at a dinner the following week, and immediately the wheels were started going round to get together a fitting trousseau.

"September is a little soon," said her mother, "and I would rather have had more time, as you are our only child, and we want to give you a fitting send-off. But of course, if Ronald wants it that way—"

"What happened to the little Madeline girl?" asked Mr. Trevillian curiously.

"Oh, she has worked herself completely out of the picture. Ron discovered all about her and that was the end."

"Took all of a brick house to fall on him, didn't it?" continued her father, feeling very happy because his little girl at last was to possess the object of her desires.

"I would never have believed it of the girl," said Mrs. Trevillian sorrowfully. "I was ready to give her the benefit of every doubt."

"You always were too gullible, Mother," replied Eileen tartly.

"Well, all's well that ends well," was her father's comment. "Ron did the sensible thing. He came right back to you. Doubtless he realized that the old love was the best after all." This brought a twinge of secret pain to Eileen, who realized that Ronald was not coming to her whole-hearted; but she hoped that would wear off in time, and that some day he would forget all about Madeline and be hers alone.

The announcement dinner was a great success. There were a great number of invited guests, and a dance in the ballroom afterwards. Ronald and his father and mother arrived early in order to have a word with Eileen's parents. The two mothers flew into each others' arms and wept for joy, while their husbands heartily shook hands and slapped each other jovially on the back, with many a joke about those early hopes they had entertained, when the two betrothed were mere babies. Good feeling ran high during the evening, and Ronald, though not a gushing lover, was satisfied to remain at Eileen's side and do her bidding, which pleased her for the time being.

And so the summer passed, and they went everywhere together. The two families engaged cottages at the same northern lake, so that the young folks might be together. Eileen was radiant, but Ronald concealed the fact that he was not happy. He even went so far as to have detectives secretly search for Madeline, for he refused to believe that so fine a girl could really be what she seemed; but nothing came of the search, and so September approached, and he resigned himself to the inevitable. At least, he was the only one who was unhappy of the two families, he thought to himself, and no one knew of that. By marrying Eileen he would be making five people happy—Eileen herself, and both of their parents, and that was something to do with one's life.

One day he received a square, white envelope in the mail, and on opening it, he found an invitation to the church wedding of Lily Carson and Robert Aylsworth. Inside the heavy white folded paper he found a tiny note in Lily's handwriting—"Heard anything from Madeline yet?" It reopened the old bleeding wound, and he found it worse than useless to try to do any more work that afternoon, so put away his papers and locked the drawers, and taking his hat and stick, he went downtown. Aimlessly he walked up one street and down another, looking into shop windows and seeing nothing, until a glance at his watch told him it was almost five o'clock, and he had intended looking up a gift of some kind for Lily and Robert.

Finding himself opposite a silver shop, he stepped in, looked over the wares, and finally selected a set of flatware, which he dispatched to Lily's address. That night he asked Eileen for one of her own church invitations, and, taking it home, addressed it to Lily, enclosing another tiny note—"Madeline seems to have disappeared completely. Have been unable to locate her."

"There," he said to himself, sealing the envelope. "She'll think me a fine cad, loving one girl and marrying another. But of course, she knows nothing of the gangster episode, and never shall. Lily will never look at me again, I'm afraid,—she's that loyal to Madeline." That thought hurt too, but there was nothing to be done about it. Lily was a fine girl, and he cared a great deal what she thought. He was not sure but she might send back his silverware too. Having arrived at that reflection, he spread out his hands, shrugged his shoulders, and then prepared to retire.

(To be continued)

## Angels of the Scrubbing Pail

CLARE HAMPTON

To-day God's House was overrun by hordes  
Of energetic angels, wielding brush  
And soap and rag and mop—all waging war  
On dirt, awaking echoes in the Temple's hush.  
Hot water's cleanly gurgle, soapy psalms,  
A symphony by fifty brushes played,  
An odor sweet, of fresh-scrubbed wood and tile—  
By eventide, all spic-and-span, all carpets laid,  
All windows glitt'ring, woodwork shining clean,  
The altars snowy from their recent bath,  
And fifty mothers, tired, but merry still,  
All angels—may God bless them!—wend their homeward path.

## Your Garden in August

After a rush of spring, when everything has been planted and is flourishing, one cannot just sit back and take it easy without any further attention to detail work. Eternal vigilance is the price of a successful garden, and although the summer months are not as critical as early spring, when things are first starting



to grow, yet there are many things which must be continually watched as the hot weather comes on, if the garden is to look its radiant best during the trying heat.

Most important of all is cultivation, which not only keeps weeds under control, but also conserves the moisture in the soil. Soil that has gone uncultivated for any length of time becomes porous, hard, and baked, and loses moisture more quickly than soil that is frequently stirred. The loose earth that is left on the surface after a good cultivation is called a dust mulch, and in very dry weather, frequent cultivations are very essential.

A summer mulch beneath rosebushes and other flowers is a very useful thing to employ, because it conserves the moisture in the soil, keeps the soil cool, and keeps weeds under control. Some use peat moss, although too constant use of this mulch tends to create acidity in the soil. The simplest mulch is grass clippings, which are scattered beneath the flowers, thus preventing the sun's rays from drawing out all moisture from the soil. Roses derive great benefit from such a mulch, as their roots revel in a cool, moist soil, and if the summer is very hot and dry, such a mulch is imperative.

Another thing to watch for is insects. Worms and lice on rosebushes can be eliminated very often by drenching in tobacco water; but sometimes they are very persistent. If tobacco water does not help, save the soapy water from the washing machine, allow it to cool, and drench the bushes and the ground beneath with it. Watch carefully, and at the first sign of the pests' return, drench again, as often as needed.

### *The Neighbors' Children*

In some neighborhoods there are but few children; the streets are quiet as a tomb, except for the passing rush of an automobile—the kind of neighborhood that can be sized up in a minute—finicky landlords demanding only childless couples in their apartments. There are other neighborhoods again, usually the bungalow districts, that simply swarm with children, owned by parents who have stretched their purses to the utmost to have a little place of their own, because they were unable to find rooms in the “childless” neighborhood—in other words, the landlords refused to take in couples with children.

Now, wherever there are numbers of children, there are bound to be fights, quarrels, differences of opinion, which more often than not end up in tears and wails, and a rush home to mother with a woeful tale. Some mothers, we might say, with an overdose of maternal love, cannot see two sides of a question; the other child is always wrong, and hers indubitably right. She hastens out, finds the child who injured her darling, and engages in a wordy battle with him. If the other mother is of the same calibre, she, too, might join the fray, and the result is, neighbors passing each other with eyes averted, and hatred and anger in their hearts,

while the children, who forget quarrels quickly, may be playing peaceably together again next day.

A wise mother will not enter into these foolish child affrays; if her child comes in with a tale of wrong and injury, she will, of course, soothe it, but with wise words; pass it off as unworthy of much thought; divert the child's mind with a cookie or piece of candy, and advise it to play in its own yard with some suggested game. A wise mother will remember that other mothers, as a rule, can see no wrong in their own children, and that by to-morrow everything will have blown over, and the children will probably be playing together again as if nothing had happened.

### *Fruit Juice Drinks*

In the scorching days of August, nothing so freshens one up and restores “pep” as iced fruit juices. These may be used plain or mixed with one or two other kinds, and the housewife who uses her ingenuity, may delight her guests with ever new combinations. Color tricks as mystifying as a magician's can be achieved by combining the various juices. For bright red drinks, use red fruit juices and add lemon juice to strengthen the red shade. Orange juice, however, will darken red juices and sometimes make them brownish. Grape juice turns a deep purple by adding pineapple juice. Yellow juices are made golden by adding orange juice.

Usually a syrup is made beforehand with water and sugar, taking  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups of sugar to 1 quart of water,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon cream of tartar, and  $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoonful salt. This is boiled together seven minutes, cooled, and stored in the refrigerator to add to fruit juices just before serving. Most fruit juices require sweetening, some more, some less; the very tart ones may require slightly more sugar than the above recipe, especially as cold deadens the taste. Instead of sugar, honey may be used, and this imparts a delicate flavor. Some of the fruits may have to be heated in order to extract the juice. Do this over a very slow fire, using a wire potato masher to press out the juice. Then strain and cool, placing in the refrigerator until required. The mixtures should not be made until just before serving, and if syrup and juice are both in the refrigerator, it should be a simple matter to quickly make up the refreshments.

For the evening meal, instead of iced tea or milk, chilled vegetable juices may be served in glasses; for instance, sauer kraut juice, tomato juice, carrot and celery juice, or the juice from canned peas, combined with spinach juice, with a pinch of salt.

### *Taking Care of Appliances*

Most household appliances, if properly cared for, will go on giving faithful service for years without a single repair bill. In many cases, machinery, which requires only a drop or two of oil now and then, often is neglected in this respect, until something is burnt out, and then it is sent to the repair man with the complaint that it “won't go.” Household machinery with

moving parts always come with instructions as to care and oiling, and the latter is extremely important. Remember that old story: "For want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of the shoe the rider was lost; for want of the rider the kingdom was lost—and all for want of a horseshoe nail!"

A fine machine deserves good care. It is poor economy to use an appliance without reading instructions, until the thing is burnt out. One woman used her washing machine without a drop of oil until, like a horse without water, it stopped and refused to go on. She had a nice large bill for re-packing and new parts. Another declared her gas stove refused to bake anything and was about to throw it out when a neighbor advised her to call the gas man; he pierced out the oven burner holes, and regulated it properly, and now it bakes as well as when it was new. In many cities, the manufactured gas causes a residue around the burner holes, which must be pierced out every now and then. Sometimes, too, when the cocks are taken apart, they are clogged with grease, which impedes the flow of gas.

The same care is necessary for other appliances; take the hand carpet sweeper. It works more smoothly if the wheels are oiled now and then; use a steel comb (sold by sweeper manufacturers) to clean the brush, otherwise it will not sweep clean. If the brush is clean and it does not clean well, perhaps the bristles are worn. A new brush may be purchased cheaply and installed, and the sweeper is like new.

### Household Hints

The light-toned leather slippers in use this season may be easily cleaned by washing with a damp cloth rubbed on a bar of soap; wipe off with clean damp cloth.

When the rubber rolls of the wringer refuse to get clean, rub them with a cloth dipped in gasoline.

Turn your handsome embroidered pillow slips inside out before putting into the washing machine. This will prevent the embroidery from becoming fuzzy from the action of the machine.

Rinse your laundry in warm water throughout the year; first, it takes out more grime than cold water, second, it prevents the delicate woman from taking cold in winter. Cold water affects some women even in summer, so take this little precaution as a health measure.

Put the handle of the darning egg into the fingers of the gloves for darning. Or a clothes pin will answer the purpose.

### Recipes

**PICKLED ONIONS:** For one-half peck of small white onions: Peel and let stand over night in salt water strong enough to float an egg. Drain and pack in jars; bring to boiling point three pints vinegar, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt and mixed spices. Bring to a boil, boil five minutes and pour over onions. Seal while hot. A pinch of alum will keep the onions hard.

To can tomatoes when cheap: Choose firm, perfect tomatoes; dip each in boiling water and peel off skins. Then pack in jars and fill to brim with boiling water. Use new rubber rings and new lids for success; cap at once and screw as tightly as possible. Place jars in bake pan and fill half full of water. Place on burner and bring to boil; boil slowly for 40 minutes. Then invert jars on sink and watch for leaks. Those that leak must be tightened and put back into the hot bath and boiled for ten minutes; if it still leaks when inverted, put on new ring and lid.

### Safe and Sane Swimming

INDIANA STATE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

Drownings do not account for all of the deaths that occur each summer from swimming.

Although swimming is one of the finest of all recreations, the safe and sensible swimmer is quick to recognize that a number of health hazards are associated with swimming which should be known and avoided. Neglect in guarding against these hazards may result in serious injury to the swimmer's health and may even result in endangering his life.

Few persons attempt to acquaint themselves with the sanitary environment or quality of the water in which they swim. There is a blind trust in the supervisory authority of an official supposedly on constant watch. Frequently, however, such sanitary supervision is either not exercised or the supervision is so nominal or unskilled as to afford no adequate protection. Do not go into a public pool unless it has been registered by the Water and Sewage Department of the Indiana State Board of Health.

Swimming places in streams should not, of course, be exposed to the discharge of raw sewage. The presence of garbage, refuse, or waste is evidence of contamination sufficiently grave to warrant the exclusion of bathers. In order to be reasonably certain as to the sanitary quality of water in swimming places the advice of the local or Indiana State Health Department should be sought and followed.

Among the many simple rules for a swimmer to follow are:

- (1) Do not go in the water when overheated. Failure to observe this rule may cause cramps.
- (2) Do not swim immediately after eating. An interval of at least two hours should elapse.
- (3) Do not swim until overtired. When this is done the splendid tonic effects of swimming are lost and an undesirable reaction is substituted.
- (4) Do not loll in the water for several hours at a time. To obtain the beneficial effects of a swim one should not remain in the water longer than thirty minutes at a time.
- (5) Do not follow the practice of 'drying off' often in a chilly atmosphere. Take a brisk rub after each swim and change into dry clothes instead of allowing the clothing to dry on the body.



The Abbey Press—The New Home of The Grail



THE PICTURE PRESENTED herewith shows the exterior of THE ABBEY PRESS, the new Home of THE GRAIL. THE GRAIL was established as a popular Eucharistic monthly for the family, to encourage vocations to the holy Priesthood, and to help poor, but deserving, boys to attain that end.

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St. att. IX. 37.

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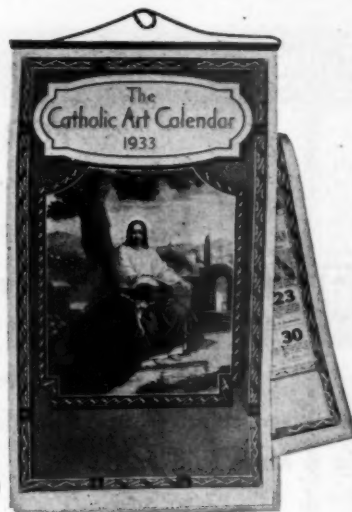
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